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PAST FRIENDSHIP.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

We that were friends, yet are not now,
We that must daily meet
With ready words and courteous bow,
Acquaintance of the street;
We must not scorn the holy past,
We must remember still
To honor feelings that outlast
The reason and the will.

I might reprove thy broken faith,
I might recall the time
When thou wert chartered mine till death,
Through every fate and clime;
When every letter was a vow,
And fancy was not free
To dream of ended love; and thou
Wouldst say the same of me.

No, no, 'tis not for us to trim
The balance of our wrongs,
Enough to leave remorse to him
To whom remorse belongs!
Let our dead friendship be to us
A desecrated name,
Unutterable, mysterious,
A sorrow and a shame.

A sorrow that two souls which grew
Encased in mutual bliss,
Should wander, callous strangers, through
So cold a world as this!
A shame, that we, whose hearts had earned
For life an early heaven,
Should be like angels, self-returned
To Death, when once forgiven!

Let us remain as living signs,
Where they that run may read
Pain and disgrace in many lines,
As of a loss indeed;
That of our fellows, any who
The prize of love have won,
May tremble at the thought to do
The thing that we have done!

THE LADY LISLE.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW MASTER OF LISLEWOOD PARK.

Six months have passed away since the return of the Indian officer, and the stormy March winds beat the branches of the oaks in the stately avenues of Lislewood Park.

A noble and wide domain this heritage of Lislewood: far away over the Sussex hills stretched the broad lands which owned the boy baronet as master: far away over those bare, bleak ridges, that crowned the barren downs, there was many a snug homestead and substantial farmhouse in which the rent was put by after the haymaking, or the harvest, or the pig killing, or the sheep shearing, to pay at the half-year's end to Sir Rupert Lisle, Baronet. You might wander for miles, through overshadowed country lanes, and long, flat, white high roads: through woods of low stunted fir trees, where you had almost to cut your way amongst the thick undergrowth; through tiny villages, lying so hidden under the shadow of the great hills that you looked down into them from the high ground as you would have looked into a well; but inquire where you would as to the proprietor of the shady pathway, shut in by hazels and wild roses; or the fertile meadows behind the roadside hedges; or the little row of tumble-down cottages, with top-heavy thatched roofs and moss-grown gables, that looked as if ready to fall upon the first incautious traveller who ventured to walk under their shadows; inquire where you would, you would hear the name of Sir Rupert Lisle. If you stopped for refreshment at some forgotten looking village inn, you had only to glance upwards at the rustic sign, blistering in the hot summer sun, to see the Lisle Arms, or the Baronet's Head, or the Sir Rupert Lisle. If you loitered idly, leaning on the low gate of some noisy farm yard, watching the farmer directing and assisting his men on the top of a haystack, or at the door of a barn, the man whom you looked at was, no doubt, a tenant of Sir Rupert's. The name of Lisle was as old in the county as the battle of Hastings itself, for at that terrible fight, Oscar, Seigneur of Lisle, had led a company of gallant cross-bowmen against the strength of Saxon Harold. The pedigree and grants of the seven years' old baronet would have stretched the length of the longest avenue in Lislewood Park, had the great rolls of mouldering parchment been unfolded to their fullest extent. Lislewood church was filled with the trophies and the monuments of this ancient race. Banners taken at Cressey, at Harfleur, and at Flodden, hung in dingy tatters over recumbent effigies of knights and soldiers, whose ashes were mouldering below the chancel.

In the present vestry of the church, which had once been the chapel of the Lisle family, the curate hung his surplice over monuments, whose carving was of priceless merit. Look where you would in the old church, the name of Lisle met you—in quaint Latin scrolls upon the tablet covered walls—in faded gilded letters under the organ presented by the present baronet's grandfather—in old-fashioned characters above the shelf in the porch, laden once a week with loaves of bread, the gift of the sixth baronet to the poor of Lislewood.

It was strange after this constant recurrence of the ancient name, this wide extension of the grandeur and wealth of the house of Lisle, to come back to Lislewood Park and find the sole owner of so much importance playing drearily in the stiff flower garden, with a pale, sickly face, and languid, girlish manners. Had the captain of the Norman crossbows, the haughty oppressor of the Saxon, the victors of Cressy and Flodden, the noble royalists, who had fought under Rupert of the Rhine, the gallant gentlemen who had beaten Lucy Waters's handsome son upon Marston Moor—had all these strong and valiant men left only this feeble, little, fair-haired child to inherit their wealth and honors?

It seemed almost as if the weight of this vast inheritance, falling solely upon this, a helpless orphan, must surely crush and destroy him. There was something sinister and unnatural in his lonely splendor. No younger brother to claim a portion of his lands; no designing relations to eat into his fortune; his mother's wealth to be one day added to all that to which he had succeeded at his father's death; shut in from the outer world of his poorer struggling fellow creatures, he seemed to languish under a load of grandeur, and to sicken of a surfeit of prosperity.

But the March winds beat the bare branches of the oaks in Lislewood Park, and Lady Lisle, now Mrs. Arthur Walsingham, was expected home from the continent, whither she had gone after her marriage with the Indian officer. A dreary morning in February had seen the village children, with red noses and blue cheeks, ranged once more along the churchyard path. But this time there were no flowers to strew under the feet of the bride and bridegroom, for the winter had been an unusually severe one, and not a snowdrop or a crocus was to be found in the Lislewood gardens that early February morning. The cold wind whistled amongst the sweeping silken robes of the bride, and lifted the dark hair of the bridegroom from his uncovered head. The rector's teeth chattered as he read the solemn service, and the faded and decaying fragments of the holly and ivy of bygone Christmas decorations made the edifice dreary with the evidence of departed festivity. A sharp rain pattered against the windows, and was heard above the monotonous accents of the rector's voice; and the bride's hand trembled so violently from the chilly atmosphere of the damp vestry, that she could scarcely guide the pen with which she signed her name in the parish register.

There were no guests at this wintry wedding. Lady Lisle's solicitor gave her away, and no one in the neighborhood was invited to take part in the ceremony. The lady's carriage waited at the churchyard gate to convey the newly-married couple to a railway station, several miles from Lislewood, whence they were to go to Dover, and thence on their foreign excursion. Claribel Lisle seemed ashamed of this marriage with her old and jilted admirer. She seemed glad to shuffle over the ceremony, and to run away from the village in which she was so well known. She fell on her knees on the cold flag-stones of the vestry, and, catching the little baronet in her arms, clasped him convulsively to her heart. It was the first time in her life that she had ever made a public display of any emotion whatever, and those present stared at the unwonted action.

"Have I acted justly to you, my Rupert—have I wronged you my darling, by this marriage?"

The Captain turned his back to the mother and son, and stared absently out of the vestry window into the churchyard, where the shivering children were waiting to look at the bride.

"Are you ready, Lady Lisle?" he said, after a pause.

She made no reply to him, but, putting the boy slowly away from her, watched him with a long, earnest, regretful, lingering gaze, as he left the vestry with his nurse, to return to Lislewood Park.

She heard the carriage, in which the boy and his nurse had come, drive off, and then, taking the Captain's arm, she bade the rector good-bye, and left the church. The village children noted her pale face and tearful blue eyes, the long flaxen curls, damp with the winter rain and disordered by the chilly wind; they could also see that the dark face of the Indian officer was even paler than his bride's, and that his strong hand shook as he lifted the latch of the little churchyard gate.

The six weeks' tour was over, and the bride and bridegroom were hourly expected.

Fires blazed in all the splendid rooms of the mansion of Lislewood. The house had been refurnished and newly decorated on Sir Reginald's marriage with the wealthy Claribel Merton. The old oak panelling, dating from the reign of an early Henry, had been repolished and relieved by gilt mouldings and emblazoned armoral bearings; exquisitely carved sconces, in gold and bronze, silver and ebony, ormolu and steel, glittered before oval mirrors, in frames of marvellous workmanship. The great library, fitted entirely in black oak and gold, had been lighted by an oriel window of stained glass, whose gorgeous hues threw rainbow reflections into the deep shadows of the polished panels. The frames of all the portraits upon the wide staircases, which led from either side of the great hall, and met in a landing-place opening into two galleries running the entire length of the house, had been regilded, and the pictures themselves cleaned and restored. The long drawing-room had been furnished in the modern style; the hangings were of white watered silk and delicate rose-tinted fringes; the walls were of the palest cream-colored panelling, the cornices and mouldings in white and silver; the carpet of a white ground, upon which, here and there, half-opened blush rose-buds had fallen, the luxurious sofas were covered with the same delicate white and rose-hued silks and fringes, and laden with cushions into which you sank as into a heap of new-fallen snow; the deep easy chairs, were of a polished white wood, resembled ivory, and ran noiselessly away from your hand, if you touched them ever so lightly, on the soft velvet pile of the rose-bud bestrewn carpeting.

This drawing-room communicated with a smaller one, hung with apple-green and gold, out of which a door opened upon a private staircase leading to Lady Lisle's own apartments, which were separated from the rest of the house by a short corridor. The dining-room was furnished with modern antique carved oak cabinet and buffets, dark green velvet hangings, and thick Turkey carpets. The walls, like those of the staircase and the galleries, were hung with paintings by the Italian masters, and portraits of the house of Lisle. Before the long stone facade of this stately mansion ran a terrace, with white marble balustrades, and flights of steps leading into the flower gardens; while beyond these gardens, and divided from them by a lake, spanned by two rustic bridges, stretched the great park, the enclosure of which extended more than six miles in circumference.

The blazing fires reflected upon the glittering walls of the splendid rooms, the waxen lights glimmering in the silver and ormolu sconces, multiplied twenty-fold by the mirrors before which they burned, were lighted in honor of the return of Mr. and Mrs. Walsingham from their brief honeymoon tour. The snowy linen and shining silver, the great golden tankards, and wine cups and salvers, set forth upon the antique buffets in the dining-room; the luxurious bed chamber, with its curtains of violet velvet, lined with white satin; the dressing-room, with its cheval glasses and priceless china, shut in by double windows from every breath of the spring breeze; the thick Axminster carpets, upon which no footfall ever sounded; the well-drilled servants, low of voice, soft of foot, expert of hand, and deferential of manner; the costly wines, hidden in silver coolers; the delicate meats preparing under the hands of the French cook; all this light, luxury, splendor, wealth, and comfort, was prepared for the pleasure of the returned Indian officer, who had thrown up his captaincy, few could tell why or wherefore, who was as friendless as he was poor, whose connections not even the woman who had married him was acquainted with; and who, nevertheless, had had the good fortune, as the Lislewood people said, to drop, as if from the skies, into the very lap of wealth and luxury.

Let us look at the handsome soldier, seated opposite his wife at the glittering dinner table.

He does not look very happy amongst all his grandeur. He sits twisting the slender stem of the shallow champagne glass round and round in his strong hand, while the bright bubbles in the sparkling wine melt away one by one. He has drunk a great deal of Madeira and Moselle, but the rich wines have not loosened his tongue, or lighted up his face. He is very much altered from the days in which he used to sit in the free seats of Lislewood church, staring fiercely at Claribel Merton. It seems almost as if that fiery, ardent, generous, reckless nature had burned itself out under the Indian sun, and that only the ashes remained.

Claribel has scarcely changed since those foolish youthful days. Her delicate beauty has lost none of the purity of its transparent hues; the long flaxen curls float over her graceful shoulders, and frame her oval face. The clear blue eyes are as bright as they were eight years ago. She is a little more matronly, and her costly silks and laces rustle round her, as she walks slowly through the lighted rooms.

"Claribel," said the Captain, as they sat by the drawing-room fire, a chess-table between them, upon which he was busy arranging the carved ivory pieces, "Claribel, I am dying of your wealth and grandeur."

"Captain Walsingham!"

"Ah! naturally you don't comprehend me. It is such a generally understood thing that a poor man marries a rich woman for the sake of her money, that I must accept my position and must not complain of what far better men have endured before me. But, Claribel, I tell you I am dying under the load of all this gaudy splendor, in which I am only a tenant on sufferance; I stifle in these glittering rooms; I want my barrack and my liberty; my cherry-stemmed pipe, and half dozen of pale ale; my kitmutghar, whom I may swear at if I please, as I dare not at your footmen, who wear the liveries of my dead rival; I want the pack of cards over which I have sat till the stars have gone down behind the roofs of Calcutta; my dice-box; anything but this silken and ormolu goal. It was in this house I suffered my life's first fever, Claribel; and if this room had not been newly furnished for your marriage, I could show you the chair which I took up to hurl at Sir Reginald, the night I heard that you had thrown me over for him."

"And did you strike him?" asked Mrs. Walsingham, with a school-girl's curiosity.

"No; men never strike each other in a crowded drawing-room. There is always some one to say, 'Walsingham, don't be a fool!' or, 'Lisle, what are you thinking of?' No; they dragged us asunder, as you part two boys in a street fight, and I sent him a challenge the next morning."

She took a childish pleasure in hearing the details of this bygone quarrel. But the Captain could scarcely speak of the old wounds without a feeling of torture coming back.

"If Reginald Lisle's ghost could wander into this room, and see me seated by his hearth, Claribel—"

She looked shudderingly back at the door as her husband spoke, as if she half expected to see it open, and by the hand of his dead rival.

"Arthur, you and Sir Reginald once were friends. You will be kind to his son, will you not, for my sake? His wealth may bring false friends and wicked counsellors about him by-and-bye. He has no near relations—the nearest is the man who would inherit his fortune and his title, should he die childless. I may not live to see him grow up. He is weak in health, and, as they say, not strong in intellect. It will be in your power to be either his friend or his enemy. You will be good to him, Arthur, will you not?"

"As I hope to enjoy your love, yes, Claribel. I am not a good man, but I will do my duty by your son, Sir Rupert Lisle."

PERILOUS POSITION OF THE HARRIET LANE, ASHORE ON THE BREAKERS At Hatteras Inlet. Fort Hatteras in the Distance, Firing a Salute in Honor of its Capture.

The above engraving, from a sketch in the Illustrated News, will show the perilous position of the Harriet Lane for nearly eighteen hours after the attack on Hatteras. She fortunately was got off without receiving any serious injury.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THE PARK GATES.

Gloomily and moodily as Captain Walsingham, late of the Honorable East India Company's service, carries his good fortune, there are still many people in this obscure Sussex village ready to envy and hate him for what they call his extraordinary luck.

The stalwart Indian officer troubles himself very little, however, about these good people, or what they may be pleased to think of him, but, absorbed in his own thoughts, and apparently very reckless as to the opinions of the outer world, he strolls in the March sunshine up and down under the overarching branches of the leafless trees in the great avenue, smoking his cheroots, and followed by a huge black Newfoundland dog.

Sometimes he pauses at the great iron gates which shut the park from the dusty high road, and looks out through the bars and the filagree work into the world beyond.

There is something of the caged lion in the glance of the dark soldier, as he gazes through the ornamental grating—something of that far away, restless, hopeless look, which poets tell us they see in the eyes of the eagles shut up in the four-foot-square cages of a Zoological collection.

Does he know that, as he stands there, at the gate of his step-son's domain, with his hands in the pockets of his morning coat, and the blue smoke from his cheroot blown away through the bars of the gate by the sharp March wind—does he know that the eyes of envy and hatred are upon him, and that if wishes brought death, he might fall dead on the threshold of Lislewood Park?

Behind the diamond panes of one of the little windows in the Gothic lodge, to the right of the gates, sits a man of some thirty years of age.

Like the Captain, dark and sallow, with a complexion bronzed by the burning sun, a tall, powerful frame, and strongly marked features; but, unlike the Captain, awkward and slouching of gait, with high shoulders and an habitual stoop, with premature wrinkles lurking under his deep-set eyes, that gave a sinister expression to his firmly compressed mouth. Like the Captain, lazily smoking in the morning sun; but, unlike the Captain, looking across the blue clouds from his long clay pipe, with the fire of hate, and envy, and malice, and the suppressed fury of a tiger that watches its opportunity before it springs, burning in the sombre depths of his yellow-green eyes.

His name is Gilbert Arnold. Ten years ago he was, at twenty years of age, the most desperate poacher in the county of Sussex. Reclaimed and reformed by a model prison, and an evangelical chaplain, he is to-day a sneak and an idler, living upon his wife, a hard-working young country-woman, the keeper of the principal lodge in Lislewood Park.

Rachel Arnold has had a hard time of it since she put on a straw bonnet and white ribbons, seven years ago, to be married to the reformed poacher, in Lislewood church. She has had to bear with a sulky, fretful, dissatisfied man, whose penitence and religion have been alike excuses for a life of ease and indolence. It is very easy for the lodge-keeper's idle husband to turn up his yellow-green eyes, which change in the sunshine like those of a cat, when the hard-working curate from Lislewood drops in to see how his *protégé* is getting on. It is easy enough to read tracts—and, indeed, Gilbert Arnold rather likes tracts, for they generally go pretty hard against the rich, the handsome, the prosperous, the powerful, and the happy, whom he hates with a latent fury, which almost touches upon the confines of madness. It is easy enough to deceive his good and simple teachers, who wish so earnestly for his soul's welfare, that they are fain to see in these outward tokens the visible signs of inward graces. It is easy to do all this, and at the same time to be envious, and feverishly discontented, idle, and extravagant, fond of dainty food and expensive drinks, sulky to his wife, neglectful of his child, dissatisfied with his station in life, and malignantly disposed towards his superiors. It is easy, in short, to seem a very good man after the simple Lislewood pattern, and to be in reality a very bad one.

The Arnolds have only one child, a sickly, precocious boy, six years old, with light flaxen hair, and a pale, sharp face, resembling his mother, and entirely unlike his stalwart, dark-complexioned father.

"There he is, Rachel," said Gilbert, looking askance through the diamond panes at the Captain and his dog.

"Who, Gilbert?" asked the wife, busy at some household matters by the little fireplace.

"Our new—master—so I suppose we're to call him—Captain No-one-knows-who."

"Captain Walsingham!"

"Yes, Captain Walsingham. Isn't it a fine name! Just for all the world like one out of a play-book, or one of them three-volume novels my lady's always reading, and which the curate says is all 'vanity.' The swindling vagabond, I ain't going to bow and scrape before him, I can tell him."

"Oh, Gilbert!" Like all old servants, Rachel was a thorough conservative; but she was so used to her husband's tone, as to be very little shocked by it.

"Oh, Gilbert!" he said, mocking his wife's reproachful tone. "Yes, I call him a swindler. What right has he to come here and fatten upon dead Sir Reginald's property? What right has a penniless, nameless rascal like him to come here and twist himself into the good graces of that silly widow, whom you call your mistress? An idle, good-for-nothing scamp like that," he continued, pointing with the stem of his clay pipe to the Captain, lounging at the gate. "What right has he to come and call himself master of Lislewood Park? It was bad enough and hard enough to have to lick Sir Reginald's shoes, but I'll never stoop down in the dust to lick his. Though you'd like me to do it—you'd like me to do it now, wouldn't you?" he said, spitefully addressing himself to the profile of the Captain, who had just finished his cigar, and, turning away from the gates, strolled away through the leafless avenue. "Why, his dog costs more to keep than my boy does," resumed Gilbert Arnold, when he had watched the soldier out of sight. "Look at him,"—he pointed to his son, sitting at the deal table, eating a basin of bread and milk; "that there sop's no better than Master Wolf has the pie trimmings every morning, up at the great house. I've seen them give it him."

"But they're very good to us, Gilbert."

"Oh, Lord! I know that; I hear it often enough. They chuck us the victuals that are too bad for the servants, and too good for the pigs; and they gave you five shillings to buy Jim there a pair of boots, didn't they? And at Christmas time they give us a bottle of wine, rare old wine, too, that sends a fire tingling through every drop of your blood, and makes you feel as good as them while you're drinking it. But what of that? *He'll* drink such wine every day, and every hour, if he pleases. He may wallow in it, if he likes. He may swim in champagne, or feed his dog off silver. Look at the little Baronet in his velvet frock, riding his dapple pony. That pony's a thorough-bred, and cost more money than ever you'll put in the Savings Bank, pinch, and screw, and manage, and shave as close as you may. And then look at my son, in his hob-nailed boots and hucaback pinafore; and yet I know which is the sharpest lad, any day in the week."

"Yes, our Jimmy's a sharp lad," said the mother, looking rather anxiously at her boy; "but he must be good, and mind what's said to him, and not tease the pigs or the fowls, for that's cruel."

"Oh, bother!" said the father, impatiently, "I don't want him to be a fiddle-faddling girl. Let him tease the pigs and the fowls, if he likes. I did it, when I was a boy."

Mr. Gilbert Arnold, loitering about the lodge all day, with his pipe in his mouth, and his hands in the pockets of his velveteen jacket, did not quite recommend himself as a person whose example it would be well for youth to follow. Perhaps his wife thought this as she sighed and went on with her work. Her husband liked to see her work, and would often call her to account for being a slow-coach and a poor dawdle, as he leaned against the doorpost, watching her movements within the cottage; but he would sometimes, on the other hand, laugh bitterly at her for her industry, and pointing with the stem of his pipe, which, by the way, was rarely out of his hand, up the long vista to the stately facade of the mansion, would ask her, with a sneer, if she thought hard work would ever get her such a house as you?

Mr. Gilbert Arnold's capacity for hatred, envy, and malice, was considerably in advance of the generality of his species. He hated the East Indian soldier, as we see; but he had hated dead Sir Reginald quite as much, though the late Baronet had given the Gothic lodge and a comfortable weekly income to his wife, and had further looked over and forgiven long arrears of poaching upon the Lislewood estate. He hated the fair-haired child, riding by the lodge door on his thorough-bred pony; he grudged him his fine house and respectful attendance, his splendid rooms and costly fare; he would have liked to have dragged the boy out of his saddle, and tumbled him in the dust or the wet clay of the high road. He would loll at his door on moonlit nights, staring at the distant windows of the great house, and

wishing that a red glare might suddenly burst out of them, and blue and crimson forked flames shoot up to the quiet sky, till the stately pile fell crashing to the ground.

"Other people's houses catch fire," he would mutter, savagely; "that never does."

When the small-pox had once raged for a brief period of terror and distress in the village of Lislewood, the lodge-keeper had been in unusually good spirits; but the horrible pestilence passed away, without having once shown its hideous visage athwart the stately gates of Lislewood Park.

"Other people's only children are taken away from them," grumbled Gilbert Arnold; "nothing seems to hurt hers."

But the young Baronet, though he escaped many of the scourges common to childhood, through the watchful care of his nurses and his doctors, was by no means a healthy boy. He was weak and ailing, feeble and peevish, small for his age, and very backward with his studies: difficult to amuse, with a dislike to active exercise, and very little love for even childish books and pictures. He would mope about his nursery all day, and only go out on his pony when compelled to do so. He was no bigger at seven years of age than Gilbert Arnold's boy of six, and not nearly so strong. He showed no great capacity for affection, and his love for his mother, who idolised him, was of a feeble and negative order. Perhaps he seemed fonder of the boy at the lodge than of any one. He would stop his pony before the little gate, if James Arnold was playing in the garden, and would ask a hundred childish questions of the boy, while the watchful face of the father, always lounging in the shadow of the little porch, would peer stealthily out at the two children, with blinking yellow-green eyes.

It was a noticeable thing, that Gilbert Arnold always avoided the sunshine. He had even in his own cottage the air of a man who was hiding himself from some enemy. Perhaps this was a lingering remnant of his early poaching days, when he had lain for long hours hidden behind hedges, or crouching in the dry ditches, or under a bed of deep waving fern. He sneaked about the cottage with a slouching gait, and a slow, cautious step, as if he expected at every turn to come face to face with a gamekeeper or a constable. He took pride neither in his house nor his person; he would loll about, from year's end to year's end, in the same velveteen jacket, with a broken pearl button hanging here and there, a wisp of some colored woollen stuff, twisted like a noose under his open shirt collar, a pair of the late Baronet's old tartan trowsers, hanging in baggy folds about his legs, and blucher boots, rusty and down at heel, upon his awkward feet.

In the course of his morning walks up and down the long avenue, Captain Walsingham came at last to notice this man, hiding in the shadow of his own doorway, at the entrance to the park. He sometimes bade him good-morning, to which the other would reply with a sulky growl, that did not encourage conversation.

The Indian officer grew to feel a strange kind of interest in this man, whose gloomy face and furtive manner inspired a curiosity as to his past life, that led to inquiries about the sulky lodge-keeper.

"A reformed poacher," he said, thoughtfully, when one of the servants at the house had told him the man's history. "An old gaol bird, an idle, hulking hypocrite, living upon his silly, hard-working wife. Ah! I thought so."

From this very time the ill mannered lodge-keeper seemed to possess some strange fascination for the dashing Captain. He would enter into conversation with him, much against Gilbert Arnold's will, who seemed scarcely to speak of his own volition, but rather to suffer his words to be dragged out of him, one by one, by his interlocutor. He asked him questions about his old life—whether he was not happier in the riotous poaching days, happier even in the county gaol, than he was now. But Gilbert Arnold was too thorough a hypocrite to answer these questions otherwise than by sanctimonious protestations of his past wickedness and his present penitence, liberally interlarded by quotations from the curate's tracts.

But neither saltiness nor hypocrisy had power to repel this eccentric interest which the *ci-devant* poacher had aroused in Captain Walsingham, and the officer rarely came to the park gates now, without stopping to talk at the low garden hedge which surrounded the Gothic lodge.

The yellow-green eyes of the poacher, glittering with a sinister light in the shadow of the porch, seemed to fascinate him, and hold him by their influence, as a bird is held by the glance of a crouching cat.

"That's the sort of man to come behind one at midnight in a dark lane, with a bludgeon or a pitch plaister," muttered the Captain, as he strode away from the gates after one of these interviews. "He has done bad things in his youth, and he hates himself so much, that he hates everybody else for not being like himself. A dangerous, treacherous, sneaking, cold-blooded coward. I'll be sworn; and yet, for all that, I like to look at him."

CHAPTER V.

MAJOR AND MRS. GRANVILLE VARNEY.

The oaks were full in leaf in the avenues of Lislewood Park, and Arthur Walsingham had been six months married to his old love.

They sat at breakfast in the library, at a little table wheeled close to the painted window; the light, streaming through the open lattices, tinged the snowy table cloth and Mrs. Walsingham's floating muslin dress with rainbow splendor, and flashed off at a tangent upon the silver urn and the delicate breakfast service. The room was all a-blaze with the August sunshine; and Sir Rupert Lisle, seated opposite to the window, could scarcely bear its blinding dazzle in his light blue eyes. Hethone plums and grapes, apricots, and peaches, hid themselves in clustering vine-leaves in imitation rustic baskets of Sevres china. A pigeon pie, surrounded with delicate fringes of snowy paper; glittering glasses of choice preserves and virgin honey, and a glistening tea and coffee service of costly silver, covered the small table at which the three were seated. The scent of a thousand roses blew in at the open window; many-colored butterflies floated in upon the sunshine, and flew about, dashing their delicate wings against the oak carving and gilded cornices; the murmur of a fall of water in the lake, the hum of the bees in the garden, the voices of myriad birds, the plaintive lowing of the cattle away in distant meadows, the faint echoes of a horn, the far off rumble of coach wheels upon the high road, and the loud purring of a Persian cat basking in the broad window-sill, all mixed themselves into one low summer sound of rustic happiness.

"Claribel," said the Captain, "I don't think we have had a more glorious day than this through all the summer. We must enjoy ourselves to-day. I will take Rupert and you for a long drive. Will you go, Baronet?" The Captain was very fond of calling his little step-son by his title. There was something eccentric in the contrast of the dignified appellation with the pale-faced little owner of it, that amused him. "Will you go, Baronet, for a long drive under the hills, past Beecher's Ride, into the pretty villages on the London road, where the poor little children come out to look at your phaeton, and high-bred horses, and liveried grooms, eh, Baronet?"

"Yes, please, papa."

"Shall you like a drive to-day, Claribel?"

"If you please, dear Arthur," said his wife, peeling a peach, and never looking up from her occupation.

During this conversation a servant entered the room, and laid the morning papers by Captain Walsingham's plate.

"Ah! the *Times*, *Morning Post*. Heaven bless these railways, which bring us the London papers at ten o'clock! *Brighton Gazette*;" the Captain unfolded the provincial paper. They were twenty miles from Brighton at Lislewood Park.

"The Lances, my father's cousins, always go to Brighton in August. Look for their names, Arthur," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Where shall I look?"

"In the list of visitors; there is always a visitors' list in those papers. They stop at the Ship."

"Good! we shall soon see."

Was the August sun so strong in the Captain's eyes that it dazzled his sight, and made him reel like a drunken man, as he staggered up out of his chair and went nearer to the open window? Did the summer breeze shake the newspaper, or was it the strong hand of the soldier that shivered like a leaf beaten by furious winds? What was it—what could it be—what did it mean?

"Arthur! are you ill? You are as white as death!" cried Claribel Walsingham.

The Captain crumpled the *Brighton Gazette* into a ball in his broad hand, and brushing his hair off his forehead, said, in the most commonplace tone—

"Lance, I think you said the name was? No, they are not there."

"But, Arthur, what was it ailed you when you sprang up from the table like that?"

"Oh, nothing; a sort of vertigo—sudden dizziness caused by the heat."

"How you startled me, Captain Walsingham! I really sometimes think you are a little mad!"

"My dear Claribel, I really sometimes think so, too."

"But give me the *Gazette*. Let me see if I cannot find the Lances' names."

He handed her the crumbled ball of paper, and throwing himself into his chair, sat staring vacantly at the arabesques on the velvet pile.

She looked carefully through a list of names.

"No," she said, "they are evidently not there. There is no one at the Ship but a Major and Mrs. Granville Varney. What a pretty name. Isn't it, Arthur?"

"Which?" he said, absently, without looking at her.

"Granville Varney."

"Oh, isn't it! A sweet pretty name. He's in the Company's Service, the major."

"Do you know him?"

"Intimately. He was in my own regiment. I'll go and order the phaeton. Put on your bonnet, Claribel, I'll drive you to Markham Wood. I've a proposition to make to you while we're out."

"A proposition?"

"Yes; or say, rather, I've a favor to ask of you. There, go and put on your bonnet, like a good, tractable, undemonstrative child; and you, Ruperto, run for your hat. I'm going to the stables."

He strode out of the room with his swinging cavalry officer step; but when he got into the hall, he asked a servant for a glass of water, and drank it at a draught. The man looked almost frightened as he stared at the Captain's ghastly face.

"Shall I bring you some brandy, sir?" he said, anxiously.

"No, Richard. I'll go into the butler's pantry. You can get me some there."

Seated in the midst of a bright array of glass and silver, Captain Walsingham, late of the Honorable East India Company's Service, quietly fainted away, with his head upon the under butler's shoulder. They forced the rim of a tumbler between his chattering teeth, and poured half that vessel full of pale French brandy down his throat, and they were just about to summon Mrs. Walsingham, when the soldier opened his eyes, and, looking slowly round him, said,—

"For Heaven's sake not a word of this to your mistress. I was subject to it in India. We soldiers lead rather a rackety life out there, and come home with shaken constitutions and the nerves of a boarding-school miss. Jervis, tell them I want the mail phaeton immediately."

He left the room before they could answer him, and, returning to the library, picked up the newspaper which had fallen to the ground.

"Major and Mrs. Granville Varney," he read, slowly and distinctly, "only twenty miles from this place. They will hear of me; they will scent me out; they will harass, betray, goad, humiliate, torture, madden and destroy me. They will dun me for their diabolical bargain; they will sue me for the last quarter of an ounce of the promised pound of carrion. Fool! fool! fool! to think that even in the remotest corner of the earth a man could hide himself from the past."

He trampled the newspaper passionately under his feet.

"I am like that poacher fellow at the gate," he said, as he walked rapidly up and down the room, "hiding, hiding—sneaking into some corner, crouching under every shadow, but never hidden. What a stamp we all bear," he said, with a hoarse laugh; "and how you may know us, every one, by the taint that's upon us. I can see my likeness in that man plainer than I can see it in a glass, for I always smooth over my face before I dare look in one. I can see myself in him, sneaking, idling, lounging, hiding. But what if I sell them yet? What if I throw them off the scent, by a clever wind in the course? By Heaven, I could do it, if she'll only help me."

His wife, leading her son by the hand, came into the room as he said the words. And looking fair and smiling, in a simple summer bonnet and light shawl of lace and muslin.

"Claribel," said the Captain, when they had taken their seats in the high phaeton, with a couple of grooms behind them, and the spirited horses were champing and pawing with impatience, while the lazy lodge-keeper opened the great iron gates, "Claribel, you look so pretty to-day, that I don't think you'll be able to say no, if I ask you to do me a favor."

"Well, Arthur, ask me, then?" she said, laughing.

"I want you to spend this autumn abroad," he said, looking at her rather anxiously as he spoke.

"Abroad, very good. In Paris?"

"Further than Paris," said the Captain.

They were flying along the high road, the luxuriant hedges shooting past them, like so many yards of bright green ribbon glittering in the sun.

"Further than Paris? Italy? Germany?"

"Neither. I should like to take you a thorough artist's tour, Claribel, though I am no painter. I should like to take you through a wilderness. I should like to take you to the pillars of Hercules. Will you go?"

"But," she remonstrated, "nobody goes there."

"And for that very reason, Claribel, the place of all others for us. We don't want to go to Baden Baden to see London shopkeepers ruin themselves at *rouge et noir*; or to Naples or Florence, to hear supercilious tourists talk 'Murray's Handbook.' No, Claribel, I want to take you away from the world. Will you go? If you have ever loved me, say 'yes,' he added, with feverish energy—"say 'yes,' my darling, and let me fly out of this pest-smitten land."

We have said already that there was always something of fear in her manner to the Indian officer. She assented now, very much as she had assented to his prayer upon the summit of Beecher's Ride,—consented as if she dared not refuse.

"Yes, Arthur, we will go, if you like. But really, you must be a little mad—"

"I told you, before, there is scarcely any doubt upon that point. But you are a darling girl, and you have made me the happiest of men; light my cigar for me, to complete your benevolence, and you shall see how I'll turn the corner into the cress road to the wood."

The Baronet's wealthy widow was the most submissive of wives to the penniless soldier; she allowed him to smoke his cheroots in her white and silver drawing-room; she let them for him when he was driving, and would even put them into his moustached mouth. If it was in her power to love anything but her son, Sir Rupert Lisle, she certainly loved this handsome, dashing, mad-brained soldier, who had wooed her so daringly in the days gone by; but she was terribly frightened by his fits of moody silence, and would sit for hours watching every change in his dark face, as he lay smoking his incessant cheroots, and gnawing and twisting the ends of his black moustache, in some gloomy, unfathomable reverie.

The Captain was in the highest spirits all day. In the depths of a thick wood the little party alighted, and one of the grooms took a tiny hamper from the back of the carriage, containing a pair of chickens, a basket of apricots, and a couple of bottles of sparkling hock.

Claribel and the boy were delighted with this impromptu lunch, which the Captain spread with his own hands upon a table cloth, which he laid upon the thick moss at the foot of an old tree. He sat astride upon one of the gnarled roots, with the sunshine dancing in his deep gray eyes, and a smile upon his lips, smoking his cigar, and watching the mother and son, side by side, before the little banquet.

"How pretty you look, my Claribel. Put those oak leaves in your mother's hair, Sir Rupert. No, no; not that way, twist them into a garland, Baronet. Now, my yellow-haired darling, you look like tutelar goddess of the place. What a happy man I ought to be, Claribel, with a rich wife, whose curls are the color of the amber mouthpieces of my meerschaum, and who will consent to go in search of the Pillars of Hercules with her penniless husband. You bought me, Mrs. Walsingham, just as Sir Reginald Lisle bought you. It's only retribution, *la loi du talion*, as our neighbors call it. You pay for my coats and my cheroots, the wine I drink, and the servants who wait upon me, and now you are going to pay my travelling expenses in my flight from the blue devils."

It was six o'clock in the afternoon before they drove homewards. Rachel Arnold opened the gates, with her fair-haired boy clinging to the skirts of her gown, and looking up inquisitively at the other fair-haired boy, perched between the Captain and his wife, in the front seat of the phaeton. Gilbert leaned over his garden gate, smoking a dirty clay pipe, and scarcely looked up, to touch his ragged fustian cap, as the carriage dashed past the lodge. Slovenly and unshaven, with rough and straggling dark hair, blue beard, and blinking, cat-like eyes, he threw the shadow of his skulking figure across the sunlit road, so directly under the feet of the horses that, as they galloped through it, they seemed almost to be running over the man himself.

The Captain and his wife had talked over their promised tour all the afternoon. They were to go at once. His impatience knew no bounds. He would have left Sussex that night, if it had been possible. The boy was to go with them, and two of the servants. A courier was to be engaged in London; not a moment was to be wasted in delay or elaborate preparation. They were to cross over to France, and there make fuller arrangements as to the way they were to go; but in any case, at any hazard, they were to leave England immediately.

"How pretty the house looks to-day, Arthur," said Mrs. Walsingham, as her husband handed her out of the phaeton, and they passed together through a vestibule filled with hot-house flowers, and separated by a glass door from the hall. "I wish you were better satisfied with your English life."

"I wish I could be, Claribel. Yes, it is pretty. I must have the spirit of Cain, to run away from such a paradise."

They were standing in the hall by this time; a servant came forward with a silver salver, upon which lay two very thin glazed cards—a lady's and a gentleman's.

"What is this?" said the Captain, indifferently. Put them in Mrs. Walsingham's card-basket, Jervis."

"But the lady and gentleman are here, sir. They said they would wait till you returned from your drive, and they are looking at the pictures in the dining-room."

"Looking at the pictures!" The Captain took off his hat and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead with his cambric handkerchief. "Who are these people, Claribel?" he asked, as his wife looked at the cards.

"Why, Arthur, nothing ever was so strange, I think; they are the very people whose names we saw this morning in the Brighton paper. Your Indian friends, Major and Mrs. Granville Varney." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

It is a singular fact that many persons, naturally amiable enough and kind tempered as a general thing, are yet very refractory and irritable before storms and in rainy weather. It is generally those who are of a high strung nervous temperament who feel the depressing influences of a rain charged atmosphere the most. "It never rains but it pours," says the mother fretfully, as the boys come tramping over the carpet with muddy feet quarrelling about their toys. The baby is cross, and Molly is sulky, she always has a headache before rain and hasn't got over it yet, and in the middle of it all, husband comes in scolding about that careless Dutch hand that let the cattle break through the fence because he was too stupid to mend it as he was told. Now, the next morning the sun comes out in his brightness, and the sky is beautiful in its cerulean splendor; the baby is crowing and pulling papa's whiskers in the dining-room, and the boys are romping merrily in the yard. Molly is getting breakfast, and a laugh rings out in her happy Irish way as the Dutchman asks her to teach him English for he "ish so sorry 'bout de fence, an' he cannot vish stan de boss."

Mother is humming an old ditty as she sets the table, but she is thinking, and so is papa about the dreary day yesterday was. "Well it won't be so again, dear," she says, as she twines her arms about her husband's neck, "it was all owing to the rain."

M. J. STEPHENSON.

Carroll Co., Illinois.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST.—The preparations for important operations in the west and south-west, going on at St. Louis, though quiet, and in a great measure unobserved, are of the most extensive character. The plan looks not so much to meeting the invaders of Missouri and their adherents in trivial and indecisive engagements, as to an overwhelming advance on the south-west that will force them to evacuate Missouri and Kentucky, and retire to their own soil for defence.

A large army of the best troops on the continent, gathered from the north-west, is being assembled at St. Louis; and when the proper time arrives, this army will move southward to carry to the soil of the invaders of Missouri the war they so wantonly and unjustifiably thrust upon us.

We do not deem it prudent to state in detail what these preparations are; but we will say that the lines of fortifications being erected around St. Louis are not, as some imagine, constructed because St. Louis is, or ever has been, in danger of capture by the enemy; but because with this line of redoubts, redans and lunettes, garrisoned by a few hundred or thousand troops, and mounted with heavy artillery, the largest part of the army concentrated here can be spared for the expedition to the south-west.—*St. Louis Evening News.*

A CONTRACT has been made in Cincinnati to furnish Gen. Fremont, by the 1st of October, five complete batteries of steel and brass guns, with all their equipments, including horses, harness, wagons and ammunition. There will be thirty cannon in all, sixty wagons, and two hundred and forty horses.

"RELIABLE GENTLEMEN."—The Wheeling Intelligencer, in noticing some wild war rumors afloat in that city, says:—"When will people realise that the telegraph was intended to convey information with more rapidity than 'reliable gentlemen,' and does do it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTR 28, 1861

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a-year, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

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☞ The price of this work in the stores is $6.00. Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FORESTA. Your poem is respectfully declined.

FREMONT.

Difficulties have arisen at St. Louis, it seems, between General Fremont and Col. Blair, the latter being backed by other influential parties. Of course it is impossible to express a decided opinion upon these difficulties until we have a reasonable proportion of the facts. From what we see, we infer that General Fremont, having an immense amount of business on hand, and working at it early and late, has not been particularly courteous to certain influential politicians who wished to make needless demands upon his time. Thus, for instance, the brave Col. Sturges, of the regular army, says:—

"I *know* that General Fremont is easy of access *by all who have business with him relating to the great duty referred to.* To the thousand and one persons who have no business of that nature including editors, professional politicians, and loafers of all degree, he is no doubt difficult of access. I am rejoiced to learn that one Colonel has been cashiered for breaking through the barricade, and I wish the whole crew who are annoying him were served into the service as 'high privates.' The public may be assured that a man who can ride on horseback five hundred miles in four consecutive days, is not the man to fail in what he undertakes. 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.' Fremont is *alive and awake*, let us rejoice!"

We infer that the commander who can draw such enthusiastic language as that from the lips of a man like Sturges, is not *very* inefficient, to say the least.

So far as we are concerned, a charge of the above character against a military leader, rather helps than hurts him. One curse of the country is the accessibility of its rulers. How can a man find time to serve his country effectively in a high position, especially in time of war, and yet have hours to waste in receiving Bungtown politicians, making speeches, reviewing regiments, giving dinners, and playing the agreeable generally.—We know that, as an editor, we could not do our work well, and attend to all these things besides—and the days are no longer for generals and secretaries than for editors, and the latter have generally about as much facility in getting through work as the former.

The worst thing we know against McClellan is that everybody speaks well of him. We should feel decidedly better if we heard occasionally that he was arrogant, overbearing, impetuous, and had sundry other agreeable little faults of that kind, for we should feel more certain then that he was the man for the hour. As to all the other high officials at Washington, we have pretty nearly made up our mind that there is not a man of genius among them. Of course there are several of very good ability—men who can perceive a storm when it rains very hard, and then go after their umbrellas—though one of them last winter, like the placid individual whom Noah would not let into the Ark, "did not think there was going to be much of a shower,"—but really we hope, for the credit of our Republican institutions, that some man of a somewhat higher range of intellect, of some insight, and some foresight, and who is not afraid to take the responsibility, is standing somewhere all ready, decreed by heaven with the requisite capacity to truly save the country.

The revolution in England had its Hampden and its Cromwell—the revolution of 1776 its Washington—the revolution in France its Napoleon—the revolution in Italy its Garibaldi—and the civil war of 1861 has its—who? The Hour of Destiny strikes, where is the Man?

He will come—let no one be so faithless as to believe that he will not come. McClellan, Fremont, Rosecrans—or one whose name has not yet been heard above the din of arms—whoever he is, wherever he is, let us pray that he may come quickly, and that he is THE MAN be made apparent to us all.

But—returning to Fremont—let us add that his work has been so far, no light one. He reached St. Louis to find the term of the three months' volunteers nearly expired, and that a new army had to be organized. Twice, it is said, have the troops that he had collected and prepared for the field, been ordered elsewhere. Even recently, it is said, he has received peremptory orders to send 8,000 troops to another quarter. These orders probably are wise ones—but not the less do they retard the operations in Missouri. To move against the large bodies of rebels in that state—about 50,000 in all, it is said—without a sufficient force, would be to put to hazard what ought to be made a victorious certainty. While Fremont's popularity has brought him men, he has been sadly crippled by an inability to procure arms and other requisites. These facts must be duly considered, in estimating what he has done, and what he has as yet been unable to perform.

LYON.

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
Thy saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, oh clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud grey and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the North
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly;—
Serene he lay while past him prest
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou died'st to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
And grave thy name immortal!

H. P.

MISSOURI.

The rebels appear to have been again driven south of the Missouri river, and the ground in dispute at the last advices was that west and south of Jefferson city. The extreme south-eastern portion of the state is held by the rebels. As we write this, the news is that Col. Mulligan still holds Lexington for the Union, and that Sturges and Lane were on the march to relieve him.

RESIGNED.—Walker has resigned his position of Secretary of War of the Rebels, and Gen. Braxton Bragg (of Pensacola fame—or rather want of fame,) been appointed in his place. Walker resigned in consequence of bad health, which seems to be a characteristic of the rebel leaders, as both Jeff. Davis and Stephens are very infirm. Probably they have, as Shakspeare says, the "falling sickness." As for the new Secretary, Bragg is a capital name for the head of the rebel war department, brag being a great portion of their military resources. Still, according to the old adage, though "Bragg is a good dog, Hoist[illegible] (to Washington) is a better."

THE "SUCTION POST."

The Pneumatic Despatch Company, for the transmission of parcels, is now experimenting upon a tube laid down by them at Battersea, about four miles from London. The tube is made of iron, is about eighteen inches in diameter, and extends about 500 yards along the river Thames. It is said to give satisfaction. A recent visitor, who concluded to try how it would answer for a passenger railway, relates his experience in a London periodical. He stretched himself at length (feet foremost) on the truck used for the parcels, was sucked down into the tube, and was drawn through at about the rate of a mile in four minutes—the speed being moderated somewhat on his account. He says the spectators were apparently disappointed in finding him come out in an unmangled state. He says:—

A large quantity of dust which was, I suppose, drawn in with the car, was blowing over me through my brief journey, which, combined with there being no springs to the car, was the only unpleasantness I experienced. There was a cooling rush of air over my face the whole time, which, if it had not been mixed with the before-mentioned dust would have been very agreeable. The idea of coming to a dead stop in the middle of the tube, and spending the afternoon there, suggested itself, but was dispelled on remembering that the engineer had told me that in case of such a mishap, which could only occur through some derangement of the pumping-engine, a workman could be sent in on his hands and knees to hook on a rope to the car, which could then easily be pulled out.

We suppose that our readers generally know that the motive power in the above tube, is derived from what is commonly called suction—a partial vacuum being caused in the tube by means of an air-pump, which is worked by a steam engine. As the old philosophers used to say, "Nature abhors a vacuum;" or, as the moderns say, the pressure of the atmosphere drives the piston (to which a car is attached) into the tube with a force which would be equal to fifteen pounds to each square inch of its surface, were the vacuum a perfect one.

THE CONFISCATION ACT.

This Act of Congress, to which recent reference has been made, authorizes only the confiscation of property used or intended to be used for rebellious purposes—not of the whole property of rebels, as a penalty of their rebellion.

It is *not* therefore under this Act that the recent seizures, by the Government, of vessels in Northern ports, monies in Northern banks, &c., have been made—for said Act authorizes nothing of the kind.

Such seizures are made under that well understood law of military policy, which disables an enemy every way it can.

As to slaves, the Congressional Confiscation Act takes a similar ground—it enacts that the employment of a slave in hostile service against the Government, shall cause a forfeiture by the master of his claim to the labor or service of such slave—and, as we infer from the language of the Act, in effect sets the slave free. For it says:—

In every such case, the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due *shall forfeit his claim to such labor*, any law of the state or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service *shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer* to such claim that the person whose service or labor is claimed has been employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this Act.

It will be perceived that nothing is said relative to the title to the slave passing into the hands of the Government—the Act simply nullifies the claim of the master, and thus leaves the slave to himself.

FREE SPEECH.

The Charleston Mercury, of the 10th, says:—

Whilst on the other side of the Potomac, the liberty of the press is crushed by mobs and the military arm, it is our boast on this side of the Potomac, that this great right is safeguard to free government is preserved untouched and untarnished. To discuss freely our public affairs, although in the discussion many false views may be presented, is necessary to a correct understanding of them; while the spirit of liberty such discussion elicits is absolutely necessary to the preservation of free institutions of government.

The idea of the liberty of the press being "preserved untouched and untarnished" south of the Potomac, is too amusingly absurd to warrant disputation.

As to the liberty of the press being "crushed" in the North, it is true only so far as that liberty is used to give aid and comfort to the rebels now in arms against the Government. To discuss freely public affairs, is as much the liberty of an editor now, as at any other period.

All liberty of speech and of the press has its proper bounds. A man cannot utter oaths and ribaldry in the public streets, and claim protection for it as an exercise of his right of free speech; neither can he be allowed to print licentious books, under the right of liberty of the press. The law will not allow of these things being done, because they sap the foundations of law and of public virtue. In the same manner, when liberty of speech and of the press is made the cover for aiding an armed and dangerous rebellion, it is suppressed not as liberty, but as license. The common sense of men easily draws the line in these cases.

FLOYD AS A GENERAL.—It seems that Floyd is as good at lying as at thieving. Running, he sent word to Richmond that he won the battle at Gauley River, but retreated to avoid being surrounded. Colonel McCook with two regiments pursued him for seven miles as soon as means could be found to cross the river, Floyd not defending the heights on the opposite bank, which afforded him a position of the strongest character. Floyd, at the last advices, was retreating on Lewisburg, pursued by General Cox.

REVOLUTIONARY PRECEDENTS.

Abundant precedents can be found in the history of our Revolutionary struggle for all the actions of the present administration. The seizure of presses, the apprehension of disaffected persons, the searching for arms, were all practised by our revolutionary fathers. In their own language, "such proceedings may be abundantly justified by the conduct of the freest nations, and the authority of the most judicious civilians." Let any one who doubts this, read the following resolutions passed by the Revolutionary Congress, in the year 1777:—

Whereas, The states of Pennsylvania and Delaware are threatened with immediate invasion from a powerful army, who have already landed at the head of the Chesapeake bay—and whereas, principles of policy and self-preservation require that all persons who may be *reasonably suspected* of aiding or abetting the cause of the enemy may be prevented from pursuing measures injurious to the public weal; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the executive authorities of the states of Pennsylvania and Delaware be requested to cause all persons within their respective states, *notoriously disaffected*, forthwith to be apprehended and secured, till such times as the respective states think they may be released without injury to the *common cause*.

"*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the Supreme Executive Council of the state of Pennsylvania, to cause a diligent search to be made in the houses of *all inhabitants* of the city of Philadelphia *who have not manifested their attachment to the American cause*, for fire-arms, swords, bayonets, &c.

"*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the executive powers of the respective states forthwith to apprehend and secure all persons who have, in *their general conduct and deportment*, evinced a disposition inimical to the cause of America. And that the persons so seized be confined in such places and treated in such manner as shall be consistent with their respective characters and the security of their persons.

"*Resolved*, That persons of like character, and in emergencies equal to the present, when the enemy is at our door, have in other states been arrested and secured upon suspicion arising from their general behavior, *and that such proceedings may be abundantly justified by the conduct of the freest nations and the authority of the most judicious civilians.*"

PROBABLY A SOUND VIEW.

Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, who is now an out and out Union man, recently said in the course of a speech:—

This war must be pursued for twenty years, if need be, to have victory. Much fault has been found with our officers and soldiers in regard to the battle before Manassas—that it ought not to have been fought. But the battle was a necessity. If it had not been fought that week, Washington would now be in the power of the enemy. If it had been delayed, the 75,000 three months' volunteers would have been withdrawn.

There is much reason for believing that the result of the battle of Manassas was similar to that of Springfield, Missouri—victory was not achieved, it is true, but the enemy was taught a lesson in both cases. Before Manassas they were waiting anxiously for the dismissal of the three months' men to make an advance on Washington—the three months' men, before their withdrawal, gave them so severe a blow that it took all the wind out of them. And by the time the rebels had recovered their breath and spirits a little, and reorganized their shattered regiments, Washington was as full of three years' troops as it had been before of three months' ones.—The disastrous result, in one sense, of Manassas, should not cause us to forget these facts. If that battle had been a victory, our Generals would hardly have given the credit of its being fought to any journalistic or other outside influence. We may say this freely, because THE POST did not join in the cry of "On to Richmond."

KENTUCKY.

The Home Guard of Louisville and several Federal regiments have gone into central Kentucky to oppose the advance of the secession troops. Kentucky seems to have got down from the fence at last—and on the right side—the time having come when she was compelled to take one side or the other. The secessionists, however, with all their blatant nonsense about state rights, will not give her up without a struggle. In fact, they want her as a pillow between themselves and the North, to fend off the hard blows. With how much alacrity the Kentuckians will rally to protect the soil of their state from invasion, remains to be seen. Hitherto they have always held their heads high, and maintained a large reputation for gallantry, but these times are proving who's who. The age of varnish and pretence is fast disappearing before the stern testings of reality and fact. In two years from this time we shall begin to know what states contain the true chivalry of the Union.

THE FOREIGN CROPS.

The London *Mark Lane Express* of August 30th says:—

"With all the favorable weather we have had here and on the continent, rates have been firm. *Wheat is not anywhere plentiful*; rye is short in Germany, maize seriously so in Italy, and potatoes are generally doubtful. Lower prices, therefore, if reached, must be transient. The harvest not being satisfactory in Portugal, all corn [grain] excepting maize is admitted free of duty to the 30th of April of next year."

The accounts from France also seem to be rather discouraging, so that our farmers may expect a fair demand for breadstuffs for exportation. Of course we are glad that, as the European crops seem rather scant, our farmers have the wherewithal to supply the deficiency.

THE REBEL CONFISCATION ACT.—This act does not, like our own, make two bites of a cherry, it confiscates "all property of *every description* owned, possessed or enjoyed by *alien enemies* since the 21st of May, 1861." Moreover, every Union man of the South who does not repent and take the oath of allegiance to the rebel government, is considered by law an "*alien enemy*," and his property will be confiscated.

THE NAVY.

It is not to be denied that the Navy, so far, has hardly come up in its action to the public expectation. But the recent course of Secretary Welles in conferring important commands upon the younger officers—such as McKean, Goldsborough, Dupont, Marston, Lardner, Davis, Drayton, and Turner—will, we trust, inaugurate a new state of affairs. We long to see the days of Paul Jones, Lawrence, Perry, Decatur, and Stewart, come again. We have no doubt that there is plenty of excellent material among our naval officers, and that the only thing wanting is to get the right men in the right place. Our whaling fleet (the great nursery of seamen) is the best in the world—the most skillful, the most daring, the most successful. We have the traditionary Northern love of the sea. As Gerald Massey says in his poem of "The Norsemen:"—

> *"The wild wave-motion, weird and strange,*
> *Rocks in him;* seaward he must range.
> For life is just a mighty lust
> To wear away with use, not rust.
> Though bitter wintry cold the storm,
> The fire within him keeps him warm.
> Kings quiver at his flag unfurled:
> *The sea-king's master of the world.*
> Conquering comes the Norseman!"

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

The particulars have been so well concealed, that we only know as we write this, that an expedition started some day last week, for some point on the southern Atlantic coast, it is said, and that we may expect to hear news of an attack any moment. The vessels are said to carry 275 guns, and the number of troops is variously stated. The Vanderbilt, Atlantic and Baltic carried the troops from New York. It is said that it is not safe to go very far south before the 10th of November.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By the Author of School Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, &c. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The series which is now completed by the issue of the second volume of "Tom Brown at Oxford," is one of the most popular and widely read of late publications. Its charm is chiefly due not to romantic adventure, interesting plot, or vivid individualization, though none of these qualities are entirely lacking in its flavor. Its geniality, earnestness, healthy animalism, pure morality, and, above all, its *pluck*, are its most decided good points. That a man can be a good and devoted Christian, and yet love and heartily enjoy the outward world in which his Creator has placed him, is a cardinal point of its author's faith. The better, he thinks, that a man loves the real good uses and delights of this world, the better he must surely be fitted to live and labor in it. Tom Brown is certainly no anchorite; he has a hearty, jolly life of it in the main; and if his leading propensities draw him out of bounds and into trouble, he is ready to bear his punishment like a man, and work his way back into the right path with the persistent energy, the cheerful endurance of suffering, which Mr. Hughes, summing it up under the name of "pluck," claims as the peculiar Anglo Saxon virtue which is making that race the dominant one of the world.

How far that same Anglo Saxon nature is modified in England, as here, by its Celtic admixture, and how favorably the warm-hearted impulsiveness of the latter nationality may affect the sturdy obstinacy of the former, might be worth some consideration. The author in "Tom Brown at Rugby" assumes the "Brown family" as the type of English character; yet it is noticeable that his own name is a Welsh one, and we fancy Hughes would represent his idea as well as the more Saxon Brown.

Tom's love adventures are by no means the best of his experiences, though they occupy the greater part of the second volume. We are inclined to reverse the poet's couplet, and fancy Mr. Hughes trying his prentice hand rather on the lass than the man, so near a risk does the heroine run of being alternately "fast" and "young-ladyfied." But if some writers excel this one in love scenes, none have given us better and livelier pictures of the boating course, the cricket-ground, the angler's joys, and the whole round of out-door enjoyments, with the healthy thoughts and feelings arising from them. Let the lovers of the "gentle craft" judge from this extract the spirit of the rest:

"Stanch fellow, the keeper," said Tom to himself, as he reeled out yard after yard of his tapered line, and with a gentle sweep dropped his collar of flies lightly on the water, each cast covering another five feet of the rising surface. "Good fellow, the keeper—don't mind telling a story against himself—can stand being laughed at—more than his master can. Ah, there's the fish he saw sucking, I'll be bound. Now, you beauties, over the nose, and full light—don't disgrace your bringing up!" and away went the flies quivering through the air and lighting close to the opposite bank under a clump of rushes. A slight round eddy followed the flies, as the cast came gently back across the current.

"Ah, you see them, do you, old boy?" thought Tom. "Say your prayers then and get shrived!" and away went the flies again, this time a little below. No movement. The third throw, a great lunge and splash, and the next moment the lithe rod bent double, and the gut collar spun along, cutting through the water like mad. Up goes the great fish twice into the air, Tom giving him the point, then up stream again, Tom giving him the butt and beginning to reel up gently. Down goes the great fish into the swaying weeds, working with his tail like a two-horse screw.

"If I can only get my nose to ground," thinks he. So thinks Tom, and trusts to his tackle, keeping a steady strain on trouty, and creeping gently down stream. "No go," says the fish, as he feels his nose steadily hauled round, and turns with a swirl down stream. Away goes Tom, reeling in, and away goes the fish in hopes of a slack—away, for twenty or thirty yards—the fish coming to the top lazily, now and again, and holding on to get his second wind. Now a cart track crossed the stream, no weeds, and shallow water at the side. "Here we must have it out," thinks Tom, and turns fish's nose up stream again. The big fish goes sulky, twice drifts toward the shallow, and twice plunges away at the sight of his enemy into the deep water. The third time he comes swaying in, his yellow side gleaming and his mouth open; and the next moment Tom scoops him out on to the grass with a "whoop" that might have been heard at the house.

"Two-pounder, if he's an ounce," says Tom, as he gives him the *coup de grace*, and lays him out lovingly on the fresh green sward.

Who among you, dear readers, can appreciate the intense delight of grassing your first big fish after a nine months' fast? All first sensations have their special pleasure, but none can be named, in a small way, to beat this of the first fish of the season? The first clean leg-hit for four in your first match at Lord's—the grating of the bows of your racing boat against the stern of the boat ahead in your first race—the first half-mile of a hunt from the cover-side in November, when the hounds in the field ahead may be covered with a table cloth, and no one but the huntsman and a top sawyer or two lies between you and them—the first brief after your call to the bar, if it comes within the year—the sensations produced by these are the same in kind; but cricket, boating, getting a start, even hunting, lose their edge as time goes on. As to lady readers, it is impos sible, probably, to give them an idea of the sensation in question. Perhaps some may have experienced something of the kind at their first balls, when they heard whispers, and saw all eyes turning their way, and knew that their dresses and gloves fitted perfectly. But this joy can be felt but once in a life, and the first fish comes back as fresh as ever, or ought to come, if all men had their rights, once in a season. So, good luck to the gentle craft, and its professors, and may the Fates send us much into their company! The trout-fisher, like the landscape painter, haunts the loveliest places of the earth, and haunts them alone. Solitude, nature, and his own thoughts—he must be on the best terms with all of these; and he who can take kindly to a good allowance of them, is likely to be the kindliest and truest with his fellow men.

We do not follow our "eminently English" hero with so much pleasure into the bogs of Political Economy and Social Reform in which we presently find him floundering, and from which, we fear, the author will not be able to eventually extricate either himself or his hero; not, at any rate, until he finds a better guide to firm land than Carlyle's Past and Present, which appears to be the best gospel of deliverance which Young England, in Tom Brown's personality, has yet attained to. Lookers on from this side of the ocean, which divides us by more than its waste of waters, can see that Chartism, Poor Laws, theories of equality of Social Rights, or what not, will all prove very inefficient lotions for the gangrene that deepens and broadens in the lowest strata of English life, while the policy which for centuries has guided British counsels is still persisted in.

It is well for a nation to care duly and prudently for her own interests, manufacturing or what else. It is not well when she makes her overweening and morbid ambition to become "the work-shop of the world," a Juggernaut to crush her weaker neighbors to the earth. England, in the time when she needed it, protected her infant manufactories with laws whose penalties throw far into the shade any other protective enactments that the world has known. Prospering in her undertakings, she no longer merely protected herself from aliens or enemies, but—unnatural mother!—drained the blood of her own children to foster her central life. Her colonies might remain in the barbarism of unmixed agricultural pursuits, producing raw material for her work-shops, but skilled and diversified industry has been, as far as possible, forbidden them. Let depopulated and impoverished Ireland, let suffering India whose arts are perishing under British rule, show what might have been the fate of America, had not the revolt of a part of the colonies conquered essential liberty for the others too. Can ambition and selfishness on the part of a nation pass without retributive justice re-acting on herself? Tom Brown may weary his heart and brains over the national problem, Alton Locke may warn the people with uplifted voice that "The day of the Lord is at hand," young England may stir its strength to lift the mountain from its breast, but like the giant Enceladus struggling beneath the weight of Ætna, the throes are the precursors of lava and fire eruptions. Centuries of wrong are not to be righted in a day, even when the root of the evil is discovered and acknowledged; and we feel a more doubtful fear of the ills which this century of upheaval may bring to England than we do of the results of our own frantic fever-struggle. We fear for her, for she is still, in spite of quarrels and estrangements, our own dearly-loved mother country. To English hearts and hands, as shown us in the kindly and brotherly words in which Mr. Hughes dedicates his book to our poet Lowell, we cordially give our own in return, and unite with him in hoping that our countries will "acquit themselves as sisters should in this fiery trial time."

THE ATTACK ON LEXINGTON, MISSOURI—HEROIC DEFENCE OF COLONEL MULLIGAN.—The opening attack was made on Monday, with 8,000 men, and lasted two hours, the rebels being repulsed, with 100 killed and between 200 and 400 wounded, the United States forces losing five killed and seven wounded. The town is strongly fortified and Colonel Mulligan confidently expressed his opinion that he could hold Lexington against ten times his force.

On Tuesday a severe fight took place with the rebels for the possession of the ferry boats, three in number, and the rebels are said to have captured them. If they be true, Sturges's reinforcements will have some difficulty in crossing the river. Twelve wagon loads of rebel dead and wounded are said to have been carried away.

On Wednesday Price assaulted the city four or five times, but was repulsed with a loss of over 300 men. Col. Mulligan has in Lexington 3,200 troops. Gen. Price's besieging army is variously rated at from 15,000 to 20,000. Col. Mulligan's reply to Price's demand on him (previous to the attack) to surrender, was "Go to h——."

COL. FRANK BLAIR has been placed under arrest by Gen. Fremont for writing letters against him to Washington, when his regular course as an officer was to prefer open charges. It seems that Mr. Blair while acting as aid-de-camp, and signing himself such, has never accepted a commission, because it would lose him his seat in Congress.

LATEST NEWS.

REPORTED SURRENDER OF LEXINGTON, MO.—It is reported that the whole of Col. Mulligan's command at Lexington surrendered to the rebel army of Gen. Price, on Friday evening, having been completely surrounded by hard fighting, and the total deprivation of water. He had 3,500 men, of whom 900 were killed or wounded, leaving but 2,600 effective men against 30,000 rebels. The loss of the rebels is reported at between three and four thousand.

A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune from headquarters, at St. Louis, received on Sunday evening, says the surrender of Mulligan is not believed there, but that reinforcements were pushing toward him from four different directions.

It is also said in a dispatch that the American flag was seen flying at Lexington on Saturday morning.

ANOTHER VICTORY IN VIRGINIA.—Gen. Reynolds and the United States forces at Cheat Mountain, have had a battle with the enemy and driven them off, killing nearly 100 men.

FROM MISSOURI.—Gen. Fremont has appointed Brigadier Generals Pope and Sigel and Assistant Adjutant General McKinstry Major Generals. Major Generals Hunter, Banals Davis, Mulligan, Kelton and Totten as acting brigadiers.

Gov. Gamble has issued a call to the State Convention to meet at St. Louis on the 10th of October.

A VICTORY IN MISSOURI.—A battle occurred at Blue Mills, Mo., on the 17th, between 1,000 U. S. volunteers, under Colonel Smith, and 8,000 rebels, in which the latter were routed, leaving 136 men in killed and wounded, besides 12 prisoners. Our loss was 30 killed and 35 wounded.

DRAFTING IN IOWA.—CHICAGO, SEPT. 22. Drafting for the army commences in Iowa to-morrow, and to-day an order is issued by the Governor yesterday.

KENTUCKY.—CINCINNATI, Sept. 21.—It is understood to-day that some eight regiments of Indiana troops have been ordered across the Ohio river into Kentucky.

The rebel General Buckner has issued a proclamation to the people of Kentucky, announcing that he has occupied Bowling Green with his forces. General Anderson has also issued a proclamation announcing that in accordance with the request of the Legislature he takes command of that military department; that he comes to enforce laws, and not to make them. He summons the people of the state to arm in self defence. Governor Magoffin has also issued his proclamation, ordering General Thomas L. Crittenden to execute the purposes of the Legislature, and General Crittenden has ordered the militia to be mustered forthwith into service. The rebel force at Bowling Green numbers 8,000 men, with 21 pieces of artillery.

BANKS' COURTER.—Several slaves belonging to a wealthy farmer in this vicinity recently disappeared, and it is reported that on application Gen. Banks gave the owner permission to institute a search among the camps for them.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Curtin is about to issue a proclamation to stop enlistments in Pennsylvania for regiments credited to other states. We have now recruiting stations open in Philadelphia for regiments credited to New York, California, Delaware, etc. To Major-General Baker's California brigade alone, we have contributed, it is said, 5,000 troops.

A NEW INFIRMARY.—Boston, Sept. 21.—Orders have been issued from Washington to Capt. Kenisl, quartermaster at this port, directing him to provide quarters and rations on George Island, in this harbor, for one hundred political prisoners. The prisoners are expected to arrive in a few days.

ANOTHER STEP BACKWARD.—Secretary Seward has published an order, forbidding the seizure of rebel property except when necessary for military purposes, or in transit between the rebel and loyal states, in violation of the recent laws of Congress. This, we suppose, is to make the action of the government harmonize with the President's letter to Fremont respecting slaves.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The sending of English troops to Canada has been suspended in consequence of the severe censures cast on the government for it. A combined Anglo French fleet and naval and military expedition will soon be organized against Mexico, to obtain redress for the injuries to British and French interests in that quarter. The United States Government will probably be asked to take a share in the same business, and will doubtless refuse to sanction so dangerous a precedent.

THE FREMONT DIFFICULTY.—We learn from Washington that there is no probability of the removal of Gen. Fremont, and that "he is as high in the confidence of the Administration as he was at the time of his appointment."—*Phila. Press.*

FREMONT AND HIS ENEMIES.—No action has been taken against General Fremont by the President, nor is there any probability of his doing so. There is a heavy pressure being brought to bear to induce his removal, but so far it is all in vain. The matter is now reduced to the simple question, whether Fremont is Major-General, or Frank P. Blair, Jr.

Blair has always had his own way with matters in the West, and he cannot bear to have Fremont pursue a course different to the one he considers proper, and as Fremont refuses to be dictated to by him, he has sworn to have him removed, and either headed by a Democrat, or have it filled by a more *pliable* man. Fremont gave him all he asked for in reason, but the more he received the more he wanted, and he finally insisted on Fremont's acting as Aid-de-camp to carry out his ideas. You may rest assured that at present there is no intention to either remove him or call him to Washington *to explain*.

The "Blair *family*" have no doubt considerable influence in the Government, but as yet there are others who have an interest in the Administration.—*Wash. Corres. Philada. Inquirer.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.—A REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR ELECTED.—The State election returns are still incomplete by from 13,000 to 15,000 votes Thus far, in round numbers, Stanford (Republican) has 52,000 votes, and the other two candidates (Union Democrats and Breckinridge Democrats), about 27,000 each, with even chances as to which will prove the strongest in the end.

The Assembly will be strongly Republican, and that party also has a large plurality in the Senate.

The emigration from TEXAS, owing to the disordered condition of things in that state, is said to be very large.

THE CHEROKEES AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.—At New Orleans, John Ross, chief of the Cherokee Indians, publishes a statement that at a mass meeting on the 21st ult., his people authorized their authorities to form an alliance with the rebel government, and that a mounted regiment, under Col. Drew, will be raised for the rebel service.

☞ "MASSA," said a darkey to his master, "dat hoss came berry near being mine." "How so, Sambo?" "De hoss come being mine in dis wise: I axed de owner to gib him to me. He said no. If he had only said yes, he would be mine, by golla!"

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. WOOL has sent to Washington for instructions touching the course to be pursued with contraband slaves, two thousand of whom are now at Fortress Monroe. He is ordered to send to Washington such whom he can spare, the men to be set to work on intrenchments, the women to be employed in the camp kitchens, and paid for their services.

THE NATIONAL LOAN IN ENGLAND.—The New York Times says that Waterpool, a leading American gentleman recently from London, asked Joshua Bates, of the eminent foreign banking house, whether England would take any part of our new 7 30 per cent. loan of part. His prompt reply was that the loyal people would get no part of the loan at par for the sufficient reason, based on the last advices from this side, that the loyal loans would absorb the whole loan, and that rebels would not be allowed to buy it at all, for the English people would be glad to buy part of it at a premium.

RECRUITING.—The civil war is making a most remarkable exodus of population from the overland emigration to California and Oregon. The plains are swarming with caravans of emigrants from Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, and Kentucky, all destined for the Pacific.

MAINE ELECTION.—Returns from 400 towns in the State foot up as follows:

Washburn (Rep.)	32,000
Jameson (Union Dem.)	19,179
Dane (Peace Dem.)	17,000

MAJOR BUZZENWEIN, formerly an officer of Engineers on Garibaldi's staff, has offered his sword to the Government.

THE Government has accepted the tender of military services by the Count de Paris and the Duc de Chartres; they will probably enter Gen. McClellan's staff. The young Count de Penthievre, son of the Prince de Joinville, enters the U. S. Naval Academy. He is 16 years of age.

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.—The National Intelligencer says:—"We believe that the frequent threats of the Richmond papers, in regard to the closing of the Potomac by batteries along the shore, will have never made any serious impression on our military authorities. There are shells enough at command, at any time, to enable our vessels to dislodge the rebels along the line."

CANNON AT BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore American says, that sixty-four cannon have reached that point from Pittsburg, for the fortifications on Federal Hill, and that there are six similar pieces awaiting removal from the Bolton depot to the same destination.

THE NAVY Department has accepted propositions from Messrs. C. S. Bushnell & Co., of New Haven; Merrill & Sons, of Philadelphia; and J. Ericsson, of New York, for the construction of *iron-clad vessels*.

UPON the person of one of the rebel members of the Maryland Legislature, was found a copy of the Secession Ordinance, which it was intended should be passed as soon as practicable after the opening of the session.

M. GUYON, a retired sanitary inspector of the French army, who has since 1834 made the subject of poisons a specialty, has found that the poison of vipers inoculated into vipers has never killed them; that the bite of a viper by itself or by another viper is but an ordinary wound, and not envenomed; and that it is the same with poisonous serpents.

THE commanding officer of the United States forces at Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, has been authorized to accept the services of such loyal North Carolinians, not to exceed one regiment, as in his neighborhood may volunteer to take up arms for the United States.

PRINCE Salm-Salm, of Prussia, has been appointed Colonel of the regiment known as the Kentucky Cavalry, chiefly composed of Pennsylvanians, and lately commanded by Col. Young.

THE rebels say they have 200,000 troops between Manassas and Washington.

MANY grains of allowance must be made in the very large figures put to the credit of the Confederate army. We are now in danger of over-estimating their force, as we formerly were of under-rating them. The total number of white males in the eleven seceded states between the ages of 18 and 45, is about 1,100,000. If one-half of these are in the field—which is a large estimate—it will give but 500,000 men to defend one of the most exposed countries in the world.

GEN. PILLOW advertises for the head of Hon. Emerson Etheridge. Pillow, for what he most needs, a *good head*. One of our contemporaries suggests that the bed of the Mississippi would be a very good place to put that very soft Pillow.

IT is understood that several of our army officers are busily engaged in returning fugitive slaves to their masters, notwithstanding the resolution of Congress upon the subject.

AMONG the killed by the Little Platte River Bridge disaster, was Barclay Coppe, of the John Brown raid notoriety, together with five or six men with him, who were enroute to join Montgomery's Kansas regiment. John Brown, Jr., is raising a company of sharpshooters in Ohio for Montgomery.

MCMASTERS, editor of the Freeman's Journal, a Roman Catholic paper with secession sympathies, in New York, has been arrested, and taken to Fort Lafayette.

THE Memphis Appeal thus notifies Kentuckians of the purpose of the secessionists regarding the state:—"*The South needs her Territory, and must have it, though at the price of blood and conquest.*"

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—An English gentleman drew thirty thousand dollars from a great banking house in New York, who were paying him four per cent. per annum, and a few days since invested it with the Government, who are paying seven and three-tenths per cent, per annum. He has written to his friends in London, advising them to invest five hundred thousand dollars in the same securities.

OLIVER CROMWELL said, that nothing could conquer men who had the high principles of honor of the Englishmen and a higher principle still. "Accordingly," he says, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward they never were beaten, but wherever they were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

THE national army on the Potomac, is well supplied with bread. A person who lately visited the army baking establishments, says that the troops are supplied daily "with about one hundred and fifty thousand loaves of soft, sweet bread, and all of beautiful quality, besides crackers or hard bread in considerable amount. The entire consumption of flour each day in bread and crackers, is about nine hundred barrels."

ILLINOIS TROOPS ORDERED TO WASHINGTON.—The Government has directed Gen. Fremont to send six of the Illinois regiments to Washington. These will be taken from the Illinois troops at Cairo and St. Louis, and their places supplied with regiments from Chicago, Peoria, and Camp Butler. The regiment at Peoria, and the Douglas Brigade, at Chicago, have been ordered to St. Louis; Col. Hovey's regiment, at Camp Butler, to Cent alia; and Col. Carlin's regiment, at the same camp, is to go southward, as soon as it is equipped, which will be in the course of the present week.

wishing that a red glare might suddenly burst out of them, and blue and crimson forked flames shoot up to the quiet sky, till the stately pile fell crashing to the ground.

"Other people's houses catch fire," he would mutter, savagely; "that never does."

When the small-pox had once raged for a brief period of terror and distress in the village of Lislewood, the lodge-keeper had been in unusually good spirits; but the horrible pestilence passed away, without having once shown its hideous visage athwart the stately gates of Lislewood Park.

"Other people's only children are taken away from them," grumbled Gilbert Arnold, "nothing seems to hurt hers."

But the young Baronet, though he escaped many of the scourges common to childhood, through the watchful care of his nurses and his doctors, was by no means a healthy boy. He was weak and ailing, feeble and peevish, small for his age, and very backward with his studies; difficult to amuse, with a dislike to active exercise, and very little love for even childish books and pictures. He would mope about his nursery all day, and only go out on his pony when compelled to do so. He was no bigger at seven years of age than Gilbert Arnold's boy of six, and not nearly so strong. He showed no great capacity for affection, and his love for his mother, who idolized him, was of a feeble and negative order. Perhaps he seemed fonder of the boy at the lodge than of any one. He would stop his pony before the little gate, if James Arnold was playing in the garden, and would ask a hundred childish questions of the boy, while the watchful face of the father, always lounging in the shadow of the little porch, would peer stealthily out at the two children, with blinking yellow-green eyes.

It was a noticeable thing, that Gilbert Arnold always avoided the sunshine. He had even in his own cottage the air of a man who was hiding himself from some enemy. Perhaps this was a lingering remnant of his early poaching days, when he had lain for long hours hidden behind hedges, or crouching in the dry ditches, or under a bed of deep waving fern. He sneaked about the cottage with a slouching gait, and a slow, cautious step, as if he expected at every turn to come face to face with a gamekeeper or a constable. He took pride neither in his house nor his person; he would tell about, from year's end to year's end, in the same velveteen jacket, with a broken pearl button hanging here and there, a wisp of some colored woollen stuff, twisted like a noose under his open shirt collar, a pair of the late Baronet's old tartan trowsers, hanging in baggy folds about his legs, and blucher boots rusty and down at heel, upon his awkward feet.

In the course of his morning walks up and down the long avenue, Captain Walsingham came at last to notice this man, hiding in the shadow of his own doorway, at the entrance to the park. He sometimes bade him good-morning, to which the other would reply with a sulky growl, that did not encourage conversation.

The Indian officer grew to feel a strange kind of interest in this man, whose gloomy face and furtive manner inspired a curiosity as to his past life, that led to inquiries about the sulky lodge-keeper.

"A reformed poacher," he said, thoughtfully, when one of the servants at the house had told him the man's history. "An old gaol bird, an idle, hulking hypocrite, living upon his silly, hard working wife. Ah! I thought so."

From this very time the ill mannered lodge-keeper seemed to possess some strange fascination for the dashing Captain. He would enter into conversation with him, much against Gilbert Arnold's will, who seemed scarcely to speak of his own volition, but rather to suffer his words to be dragged out of him, one by one, by his interlocutor. He asked him questions about his old life—whether he was not happier in the riotous poaching days, happier even in the county gaol, than he was now. But Gilbert Arnold was too thorough a hypocrite to answer these questions otherwise than by sanctimonious protestations of his past wickedness and his present penitence, liberally interlarded by quotations from the curate's tracts.

But neither silkiness nor hypocrisy had power to repel this eccentric interest which the *ci-devant* poacher had aroused in Captain Walsingham, and the officer rarely came to the park gates now, without stopping to talk at the low garden hedge which surrounded the Gothic lodge.

The yellow-green eyes of the poacher, glittering with a sinister light in the shadow of the porch, seemed to fascinate him, and hold him by their influence, as a bird is held by the glance of a crouching cat.

"That's the sort of man to come behind one at midnight in a dark lane, with a bludgeon or a pitch plaister," muttered the Captain, as he strode away from the gates after one of these interviews. "He has done bad things in his youth, and he hates himself so much, that he hates everybody else for not being like himself. A dangerous, treacherous, sneaking, cold-blooded coward, I'll be sworn; and yet, for all that, I like to look at him."

CHAPTER V.

MAJOR AND MRS. GRANVILLE VARNEY.

The oaks were full in leaf in the avenues of Lislewood Park, and Arthur Walsingham had been six months married to his old love.

They sat at breakfast in the library, at a little table wheeled close to the painted window; the light, streaming through the open lattices, tinged the snowy table-cloth and Mrs. Walsingham's flossing muslin dress with rainbow splendor, and flashed off at a tangent upon the silver urn and the delicate breakfast service. The room was all a-blaze with the August sunshine, and Sir Rupert Lisle, seated opposite to the window, could scarcely bear its blinding dazzle in his light blue eyes. Hethouse plums and grapes, apricots, and peaches, laid themselves in clustering vine leaves in imitation rustic baskets of Sevres china. A pigeon pie, surrounded with delicate fringes of snowy paper; glittering glasses of choice preserves and virgin honey, and a glistening tea and coffee service of costly silver, covered the small table at which the three were seated. The scent of a thousand roses blew in at the open window; many-colored butterflies floated in upon the sun-colored beams, and flew about, dashing their delicate wings against the oak carving and gilded cornices; the murmur of a fall of water in the lake, the hum of the bees in the garden, the voices of myriad birds, the plaintive lowing of the cattle away in distant meadows, the faint echoes of a horn, the far off rumble of coach wheels upon the high road, and the loud purring of a Persian cat basking in the broad window-sill, all mixed themselves into one low summer sound of rustic happiness.

"Claribel," said the Captain, "I don't think we have had a more glorious day than this through all the summer. We must enjoy ourselves to day. I will take Rupert and you for a long drive. Will you go, Baronet?" The Captain was very fond of calling his little step-son by his title. There was something eccentric in the contrast of the dignified appellation with the pale-faced little owner of it, that amused him. "Will you go, Baronet, for a long drive under the hills, past Beecher's Ride, into the pretty villages on the London road, where the poor little children come out to look at your phaeton, and high-bred horses, and liveried grooms, eh, Baronet?"

"Yes, please, papa."

"Shall you like a drive to-day, Claribel?"

"If you please, dear Arthur," said his wife, peeling a peach, and never looking up from her occupation.

During this conversation a servant entered the room, and laid the morning papers by Captain Walsingham's plate.

"Ah! the *Times*, *Morning Post*. Heaven bless these railways, which bring us the London papers at ten o'clock! *Brighton Gazette*:" the Captain unfolded the provincial paper. They were twenty miles from Brighton at Lislewood Park.

"The Lances, my father's cousins, always go to Brighton in August. Look for their names, Arthur," said Mrs. Walsingham.

"Where shall I look?"

"In the list of visitors; there is always a visitors' list in those papers. They stop at the Ship."

"Good! we shall soon see."

Was the August sun so strong in the Captain's eyes that it dazzled his sight, and made him reel like a drunken man, as he staggered up out of his chair and went nearer to the open window? Did the summer breeze shake the newspaper, or was it the strong hand of the soldier that shivered like a leaf beaten by furious winds? What was it—what could it be—what did it mean?

"Arthur! are you ill? You are as white as death!" cried Claribel Walsingham.

The Captain crumpled the *Brighton Gazette* into a ball in his broad hand, and brushing his hair off his forehead, said, in the most commonplace tone—

"Lance, I think you said the name was! No, they are not there."

"But, Arthur, what was it ailed you when you sprang up from the table like that?"

"Oh, nothing; a sort of vertigo—sudden dizziness caused by the heat."

"How you startled me, Captain Walsingham! I really sometimes think you are a little mad!"

"My dear Claribel, I really sometimes think so, too."

"But give me the *Gazette*. Let me see if I cannot find the Lances' names."

He handed her the crumbled ball of paper, and throwing himself into his chair, sat staring vacantly at the arabesques on the velvet pile.

She looked carefully through a list of names.

"No," she said, "they are evidently not there. There is no one at the Ship but a Major and Mrs. Granville Varney. What a pretty name. Isn't it, Arthur?"

"Which?" he said, absently, without looking at her.

"Granville Varney."

"Oh, isn't it! A sweet pretty name. He's in the Company's Service, the major."

"Do you know him?"

"Intimately. He was in my own regiment. I'll go and order the phaeton. Put on your bonnet, Claribel, I'll drive you to Markham Wood. I've a proposition to make to you while we're out."

"A proposition?"

"Yes; or say, rather, I've a favor to ask of you. There, go and put on your bonnet, like a good, tractable, undemonstrative child; and you, Ruperto, run for your hat. I'm going to the stables."

He strode out of the room with his swinging cavalry officer step; but when he got into the hall, he asked a servant for a glass of water, and drank it at a draught. The man looked almost frightened as he stared at the Captain's ghastly face.

"Shall I bring you some brandy, sir?" he said, anxiously.

"Do, Richard. I'll go into the butler's pantry. You can get me some there."

Seated in the midst of a bright array of glass and silver, Captain Walsingham, late of the Honorable East India Company's Service, quietly fainted away, with his head upon the under butler's shoulder. They forced the rim of a tumbler between his chattering teeth, and poured half that vessel full of pale French brandy down his throat, and they were just about to summon Mrs. Walsingham, when the soldier opened his eyes, and, looking slowly round him, said,—

"For Heaven's sake not a word of this to your mistress. I was subject to it in India. We soldiers lead rather a racketty life out there, and come home with shaken constitutions and the nerves of a boarding-school miss. Jervis, tell them I want the mail phaeton immediately."

He left the room before they could answer him, and, returning to the library, picked up the newspaper which had fallen to the ground.

"Major and Mrs. Granville Varney," he read slowly and distinctly, "only twenty miles from this place. They will hear of me; they will scent me out; they will harass, betray, goad, humiliate, torture, madden and destroy me. They will dun me for their diabolical bargain; they will sue me for the last shilling, and flew about, dashing their delicate wings against the oak carving and gilded cornices; the murmur of a fall of water in the lake, the hum of the bees in the garden, the voices of myriad birds, the plaintive lowing of the cattle away in distant meadows, the faint echoes of a horn, the far off rumble of coach wheels upon the high road, and the loud purring of a Persian cat basking in the broad window-sill, all mixed themselves into one low summer sound of rustic happiness.

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It was six o'clock in the afternoon before they drove homewards. Rachel Arnold opened the gates, with her fair-haired boy clinging to the skirts of her gown, and looking up inquisitively at the other fair-haired boy, perched between the Captain and his wife, in the front seat of the phaeton. Gilbert leaned over his garden gate, smoking a dirty clay pipe, and scarcely looked up, to touch his ragged fustian cap, as the carriage flashed past the lodge. Slovenly and unshaven, with rough and straggling dark hair, blue beard, and blinking, cat-like eyes, he threw the shadow of his skulking figure across the sunlit road, so directly under the feet of the horses that, as they galloped through it, they seemed almost to be running over the man himself.

The Captain and his wife had talked over their promised tour all the afternoon. They were to go at once. His impatience knew no bounds. He would have left Sussex that night, if it had been possible. The boy was to go with them, and two of the servants. A courier was to be engaged in London; not a moment was to be wasted in delay or elaborate preparation. They were to cross over to France, and there make fuller arrangements as to the way they were to go; but in any case, at any hazard, they were to leave England immediately.

"How pretty the house looks to-day, Arthur," said Mrs. Walsingham, as her husband handed her out of the phaeton, and they passed together through a vestibule filled with hot-house flowers, and separated by a glass door from the hall. "I wish you were better satisfied with your English life."

"I wish I could be, Claribel. Yes, it is pretty. I must have the spirit of Cain, to run away from such a paradise."

They were standing in the hall by this time; a servant came forward with a silver salver, upon which lay two very thin glazed cards—a lady's and a gentleman's.

"What is this?" said the Captain, indifferently. Put them in Mrs. Walsingham's card-basket, Jervis."

"But the lady and gentleman are here, sir. They said they would wait till you returned from your drive, and they are looking at the pictures in the dining-room."

"Looking at the pictures!" The Captain took off his hat and wiped the cold perspiration from his forehead with his cambric handkerchief. "Who are these people, Claribel?" he asked, as his wife looked at the cards.

"Why, Arthur, nothing ever was so strange, I think; they are the very people whose names we saw this morning in the Brighton paper. Your Indian friends, Major and Mrs. Granville Varney." (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RAIN.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Into each life some rain must fall;
Some days must be dark and dreary."

It is a singular fact that many persons, naturally amiable enough and kind tempered as a general thing, are yet very refractory and irritable before storms and in rainy weather. It is generally those who are of a high strung nervous temperament who feel the depressing influences of a rain charged atmosphere the most. "It never rains but it pours," says the mother fretfully, as the boys come tramping over the carpet with muddy feet quarrelling about their toys. The baby is cross, and Molly is sulky, she always has a headache before rain and hasn't got over it yet, and in the middle of it all, husband comes in scolding about that careless Dutch hand that let the cattle break through the fence because he was too stupid to mend it as he was told. Now, the next morning the sun comes out in his brightness, and the sky is beautiful in its cerulean splendor; the baby is crowing and pulling papa's whiskers in the dining-room, and the boys are romping merrily in the yard. Molly is getting breakfast, and a laugh rings out in her happy Irish way as the Dutchman asks her to teach him English for he "ish so sorry 'bout de fence, an' he cannot vish stan de boss."

Mother is humming an old ditty as she sets the table, but she is thinking, and so is papa about the dreary day yesterday was. "Well it won't be so again, dear," she says, as she twines her arms about her husband's neck, "it was all owing to the rain."

M. J. STEPHENSON.

Carroll Co., Illinois.

THE CAMPAIGN IN THE WEST.—The preparations for important operations in the west and south-west, going on at St. Louis, though quiet, and in a great measure unobserved, are of the most extensive character. The plan looks not so much to meeting the invaders of Missouri and their adherents in trivial and indecisive engagements, as to an overwhelming advance on the south-west that will force them to evacuate Missouri and Kentucky, and retire to their own soil for defence.

A large army of the best troops on the continent, gathered from the north-west, is being assembled at St. Louis; and when the proper time arrives, this army will move southward to carry to the soil of the invaders of Missouri the war they so wantonly and unjustifiably thrust upon us.

We do not deem it prudent to state in detail what these preparations are; but we will say that the lines of fortifications being erected around St. Louis are not, as some imagine, constructed because St. Louis is, or ever has been, in danger of capture by the enemy; but because with this line of redoubts, redans and lunettes, garrisoned by a few hundred or thousand troops, and mounted with heavy artillery, the largest part of the army concentrated here can be spared for the expedition to the south-west.—*St. Louis Evening News.*

A CONTRACT has been made in Cincinnati to furnish Gen. Fremont, by the 1st of October, five complete batteries of steel and brass guns, with all their equipments, including horses, harness, wagons and ammunition. There will be thirty cannon in all, sixty wagons, and two hundred and forty horses.

"RELIABLE GENTLEMAN."—The Wheeling Intelligencer, in noticing some wild war rumors afloat in that city, says:—"When will people realize that the telegraph was intended to convey information with more rapidity than 'reliable gentlemen' and does do it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT'R 28, 1861

TERMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$2, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid in advance. For $3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and the Splendid Steel Plate Engraving, "A Merry-Making in the Olden Time,"	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST, and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	3,00
Two Copies of THE POST, "	5,00
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Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	16,00
Thirteen " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	25,00
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We will send one copy of THE POST, for one year and give a copy of THE GAZETTEER, or Six Dollars.

Or, on the receipt of five new subscribers, and Ten Dollars, We will give THE GAZETTEER as a Premium.

Or, on the receipt of ten new subscribers and Fifteen Dollars—$1.50 apiece—We will give THE GAZETTEER as a Premium.

Or, on the receipt of *sixteen* new subscribers and *twenty* dollars—$1.25 apiece—We will give THE GAZETTEER as a Premium.

☞ The price of this work in the stores is $6.00. Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

REMITTANCES.

For the information of our friends, we may state that bills on all solvent banks in the United States and Canada are taken at par on subscription to THE POST, but we *prefer* Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware or New England money. Gold (well secured in the letter) and postage stamps are always acceptable. For all amounts over $5 we prefer drafts on any of the Eastern cities (less exchange) *payable to our order.*

If our friends throughout the country will comply with these suggestions so far as convenient, the favor will be appreciated.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FORESTA. Your poem is respectfully declined.

FREMONT.

Difficulties have arisen at St. Louis, it seems, between General Fremont and Col. Blair, the latter being backed by other influential parties. Of course it is impossible to express a decided opinion upon these difficulties until we have a reasonable proportion of the facts. From what we see, we infer that General Fremont, having an immense amount of business on hand, and working at it early and late, has not been particularly courteous to certain influential politicians who wished to make needless demands upon his time. Thus, for instance, the brave Col. Sturges, of the regular army, says:—

"I *know* that General Fremont is easy of access *by all who have business with him relating to the great duty referred to.* To the thousand and one persons who have no business of that nature including editors, professional politicians, and loafers of all degree, he is no doubt difficult of access. I am rejoiced to learn that one Colonel has been cashiered for breaking through the barricade, and I wish the whole crew who are annoying him were pressed into the service as 'high privates.' The public may be assured that a man who can ride on horseback five hundred miles in four consecutive days, is not the man to fail in what he undertakes. 'The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.' Fremont is *alive and awake*, let us rejoice!"

We infer that the commander who can draw such enthusiastic language as that from the lips of a man like Sturges, is not very inefficient, to say the least.

So far as we are concerned, a charge of the above character against a military leader, rather helps than hurts him. One curse of the country is the accessibility of its rulers. How can a man find time to serve his country effectively in a high position, especially in time of war, and yet have hours to waste in receiving Bungtown politicians, making speeches, reviewing regiments, giving dinners, and playing the agreeable generally.—We know that, as an editor, we could not do our work well, and attend to all these things besides—and the days are no longer for generals and secretaries than for editors, and the latter have generally about as much facility in getting through work as the former.

The worst thing we know against McClellan is that everybody speaks well of him. We should feel decidedly better if we heard occasionally that he was arrogant, overbearing, impetuous, and had sundry other agreeable little faults of that kind, for we should feel more certain then that he was the man for the hour. As to all the other high officials at Washington, we have pretty nearly made up our mind that there is not a man of genius among them. Of course there are several of very good ability—men who can perceive a storm when it rains very hard, and then go after their umbrellas—though one of them last winter, like the placid individual whom Noah would not let into the Ark, "did not think there was going to be much of a shower,"—but really we hope, for the credit of our Republican institutions, that some man of a somewhat higher range of intellect, of some insight, and some foresight, and who is not afraid to take the responsibility, is standing somewhere all ready, dowered by heaven with the requisite capacity to truly save the country.

The revolution in England had its Hampden and its Cromwell—the revolution of 1776 its Washington—the revolution in France its Napoleon—the revolution in Italy its Garibaldi—and the civil war of 1861 has its—who? The Hour of Destiny strikes, where is the Man?

He will come—let no one be so faithless as to believe that he will not come. McClellan, Fremont, Rosecrans—or one whose name has not yet been heard above the din of arms—whoever he is, wherever he is, let us pray that he may come quickly, and that he is THE MAN he made apparent to us all.

But—returning to Fremont—let us add that his work has been so far, no light one. He reached St. Louis to find the term of the three months' volunteers nearly expired, and that a new army had to be organized. Twice, it is said, have the troops that he had collected and prepared for the field, been ordered elsewhere. Even recently, it is said, he has received peremptory orders to send 8,000 troops to another quarter. These orders probably are wise ones—but not the less do they retard the operations in Missouri. To move against the large bodies of rebels in that state—about 50,000 in all, it is said—without a sufficient force, would be to put to hazard what ought to be made a victorious certainty. While Fremont's popularity has brought him men, he has been sadly crippled by an inability to procure arms and other requisites. These facts must be duly considered, in estimating what he has done, and what he has as yet been unable to perform.

LYON.

Sing, bird, on green Missouri's plain,
Thy saddest song of sorrow;
Drop tears, oh clouds, in gentlest rain
Ye from the winds can borrow;
Breathe out, ye winds, your softest sigh,
Weep, flowers, in dewy splendor,
For him who knew well how to die,
But never to surrender.

Uprose serene the August sun
Upon that day of glory;
Upcurled from musket and from gun
The war-cloud grey and hoary.
It gathered like a funeral pall,
Now broken and now blended,
Where rang the bugle's angry call,
And rank with rank contended.

Four thousand men, as brave and true
As e'er went forth in daring,
Upon the foe that morning threw
The strength of their despairing.
They feared not death—men bless the field
That patriot soldiers die on—
Fair Freedom's cause was sword and shield,
And at their head was Lyon!

Their leader's troubled soul looked forth
From eyes of troubled brightness;
Sad soul! the burden of the North
Had pressed out all its lightness.
He gazed upon the unequal fight,
His ranks all rent and gory,
And felt the shadows close like night
Round his career of glory.

"General, come lead us!" loud the cry
From a brave band was ringing—
"Lead us, and we will stop, or die,
That battery's awful singing."
He spurred to where his heroes stood,
Twice wounded—no wound knowing—
The fire of battle in his blood
And on his forehead glowing.

Oh, cursed for aye that traitor's hand,
And cursed that aim so deadly,
Which smote the bravest of the land,
And dyed his bosom redly;—
Serene he lay while past him prest
The battle's furious billow,
As calmly as a babe may rest
Upon its mother's pillow.

So Lyon died! and well may flowers
His place of burial cover,
For never had this land of ours
A more devoted lover.
Living, his country was his bride,
His life he gave her dying;
Life, fortune, love—he naught denied
To her and to her sighing.

Rest, Patriot, in thy hill-side grave,
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou died'st to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!
Upon her history's brightest page,
And on Fame's glowing portal,
She'll write thy grand, heroic rage,
And grave thy name immortal!

H. P.

MISSOURI.

The rebels appear to have been again driven south of the Missouri river, and the ground in dispute at the last advices was that west and south of Jefferson city. The extreme south-eastern portion of the state is held by the rebels. As we write this, the news is that Col. Mulligan still holds Lexington for the Union, and that Sturges and Lane were on the march to relieve him.

RESIGNED.—Walker has resigned his position of Secretary of War of the Rebels, and Gen. Braxton Bragg (of Pensacola fame—or rather want of fame,) been appointed in his place. Walker resigned in consequence of bad health, which seems to be a characteristic of the rebel leaders, as both Jeff. Davis and Stephens are very infirm. Probably they have, as Shakspeare says, the "falling sickness." As for the new Secretary, Bragg is a capital name for the head of the rebel war department, brag being a great portion of their military resources. Still, according to the old adage, though "Bragg is a good dog, Holdfast (to Washington) is a better."

THE "SUCTION POST."

The Pneumatic Despatch Company, for the transmission of parcels, is now experimenting upon a tube laid down by them at Battersea, about four miles from London. The tube is made of iron, is about eighteen inches in diameter, and extends about 500 yards along the river Thames. It is said to give satisfaction. A recent visitor, who concluded to try how it would answer for a passenger railway, relates his experience in a London periodical. He stretched himself at length (feet foremost) on the truck used for the parcels, was sucked down into the tube, and was drawn through at about the rate of a mile in four minutes—the speed being moderated somewhat on his account. He says the spectators were apparently disappointed in finding him come out in an unmangled state. He says:—

A large quantity of dust which was, I suppose, drawn in with the car, was blowing over me through my brief journey, which, combined with there being no springs to the car, was the only unpleasantness I experienced. There was a cooling rush of air over my face the whole time, which, if it had not been mixed with the before-mentioned dust would have been very agreeable. The idea of coming to a dead stop in the middle of the tube, and spending the afternoon there, suggested itself, but was dispelled on remembering that the engineer had told me that in case of such a mishap, which could only occur through some derangement of the pumping-engine, a workman could be sent in on his hands and knees to hook on a rope to the car, which could then easily be pulled out.

We suppose that our readers generally know that the motive power in the above tube, is derived from what is commonly called suction—a partial vacuum being caused in the tube by means of an air-pump, which is worked by a steam engine. As the old philosophers used to say, "Nature abhors a vacuum;" or, as the moderns say, the pressure of the atmosphere drives the piston (to which a car is attached) into the tube with a force which would be equal to fifteen pounds to each square inch of its surface, were the vacuum a perfect one.

THE CONFISCATION ACT.

This Act of Congress, to which recent reference has been made, authorizes only the confiscation of property used or intended to be used for rebellious purposes—not of the whole property of rebels, as a penalty of their rebellion.

It is *not* therefore under this Act that the recent seizures, by the Government, of vessels in Northern ports, monies in Northern banks, &c., have been made—for said Act authorizes nothing of the kind.

Such seizures are made under that well understood law of military policy, which disables an enemy every way it can.

As to slaves, the Congressional Confiscation Act takes a similar ground—it enacts that the employment of a slave in hostile service against the Government, shall cause a forfeiture by the master of his claim to the labor or service of such slave—and, as we infer from the language of the Act, in effect sets the slave free. For it says:—

In every such case, the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due *shall forfeit his claim to such labor*, any law of the state or of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service *shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer* to such claim that the person whose service or labor is claimed has been employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this Act.

It will be perceived that nothing is said relative to the title to the slave passing into the hands of the Government—the Act simply nullifies the claim of the master, and thus leaves the slave to himself.

FREE SPEECH.

The Charleston Mercury, of the 10th, says:—

Whilst on the other side of the Potomac, the liberty of the press is crushed by mobs and the military arm, it is our boast on this side of the Potomac, that this great right and safeguard to free government is preserved untouched and untarnished. To discuss freely our public affairs, although in the discussion many false views may be presented, is necessary to a correct understanding of them; while the spirit of liberty such discussion elicits is absolutely necessary to the preservation of free institutions of government.

The idea of the liberty of the press being "preserved untouched and untarnished" south of the Potomac, is too amusingly absurd to warrant disputation.

As to the liberty of the press being "crushed" in the North, it is true only so far as that liberty is used to give aid and comfort to the rebels now in arms against the Government. To discuss freely public affairs, is as much the liberty of an editor now, as at any other period.

All liberty of speech and of the press has its proper bounds. A man cannot utter oaths and ribaldry in the public streets, and claim protection for it as an exercise of his right of free speech; neither can he be allowed to print licentious books, under the right of liberty of the press. The law will not allow of these things being done, because they sap the foundations of law and of public virtue. In the same manner, when liberty of speech and of the press is made the cover for aiding an armed and dangerous rebellion, it is suppressed not as liberty, but as license. The common sense of men easily draws the line in these cases.

FLOYD AS A GENERAL.—It seems that Floyd is as good at lying as at thieving. Running, he sent word to Richmond that he won the battle at Gauley River, but retreated to avoid being surrounded. Colonel McCook with two regiments pursued him for seven miles as soon as means could be found to cross the river, Floyd not defending the heights on the opposite bank, which afforded him a position of the strongest character. Floyd, at the last advices, was retreating on Lewisburg, pursued by General Cox.

REVOLUTIONARY PRECEDENTS

Abundant precedents can be found in the history of our Revolutionary struggle for all the actions of the present administration. The seizure of presses, the apprehension of disaffected persons, the searching for arms, were all practised by our revolutionary fathers. In their own language, "such proceedings may be abundantly justified by the conduct of the freest nations, and the authority of the most judicious civilians." Let any one who doubts this, read the following resolutions passed by the Revolutionary Congress, in the year 1777:—

Whereas, The states of Pennsylvania and Delaware are threatened with immediate invasion from a powerful army, who have already landed at the head of the Chesapeake bay—and whereas, principles of policy and self-preservation require that all persons who may be *reasonably suspected* of aiding or abetting the cause of the enemy may be prevented from pursuing measures injurious to the public weal; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the executive authorities of the states of Pennsylvania and Delaware be requested to cause all persons within their respective states, *notoriously disaffected*, forthwith to be apprehended and secured, till such times as the respective states think they may be released without injury to the *common cause*.

"*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the Supreme Executive Council of the state of Pennsylvania, to cause a diligent search to be made in the houses of *all inhabitants* of the city of Philadelphia *who have not manifested their attachment to the American cause*, for fire-arms, swords, bayonets, &c.

"*Resolved*, That it be recommended to the executive powers of the respective states forthwith to apprehend and secure all persons who have, in *their general conduct and deportment*, evinced a disposition inimical to the cause of America. And that the persons so seized be confined in such places and treated in such manner as shall be consistent with their respective characters and the security of their persons.

"*Resolved*, That persons of like character, and in emergencies equal to the present, when the enemy is at our door, have in other states been arrested and secured upon suspicion arising from their general behavior, *and that such proceedings may be abundantly justified by the conduct of the freest nations and the authority of the most judicious civilians.*"

PROBABLY A SOUND VIEW.

Caleb Cushing, of Massachusetts, who is now an out and out Union man, recently said in the course of a speech:—

This war must be pursued for twenty years, if need be, to have victory. Much fault has been found with our officers and soldiers in regard to the battle before Manassas—that it ought not to have been fought. But this battle was a necessity. If it had not been fought that week, Washington would now be in the power of the enemy. If it had been delayed, the 75,000 three months' volunteers would have been withdrawn.

There is much reason for believing that the result of the battle of Manassas was similar to that of Springfield, Missouri—victory was not achieved, it is true, but the enemy was taught a lesson in both cases. Before Manassas they were waiting anxiously for the dismissal of the three months' men to make an advance on Washington—the three months' men, before their withdrawal, gave them so severe a blow that it took all the wind out of them. And by the time the rebels had recovered their breath and spirits a little, and reorganized their shattered regiments, Washington was as full of three years' troops as it had been before of three months' ones.—The disastrous result, in one sense, of Manassas, should not cause us to forget these facts. If that battle had been a victory, our Generals would hardly have given the credit of its being fought to any journalistic or other outside influence. We may say this freely, because THE POST did not join in the cry of "On to Richmond."

KENTUCKY.

The Home Guard of Louisville and several Federal regiments have gone into central Kentucky to oppose the advance of the secession troops. Kentucky seems to have got down from the fence at last—and on the right side—the time having come when she was compelled to take one side or the other. The secessionists, however, with all their blatant nonsense about state rights, will not give her up without a struggle. In fact, they want her as a pillow between themselves and the North, to fend off the hard blows. With how much alacrity the Kentuckians will rally to protect the soil of their state from invasion, remains to be seen. Hitherto they have always held their heads high, and maintained a large reputation for gallantry, but these times are proving who is who. The age of varnish and pretence is fast disappearing before the stern testings of reality and fact. In two years from this time we shall begin to know what states contain the true chivalry of the Union.

THE FOREIGN CROPS.

The London *Mark Lane Express* of August 30th says:—

"With all the favorable weather we have had here and on the continent, rates have been firm. *Wheat is not anywhere plentiful*; rye is short in Germany, maize seriously so in Italy, and potatoes are generally doubtful. Lower prices, therefore, if reached, must be transient. The harvest not being satisfactory in Portugal, all corn [grain] excepting maize is admitted free of duty to the 30th of April of next year."

The accounts from France also seem to be rather discouraging, so that our farmers may expect a fair demand for breadstuffs for exportation. Of course we are glad that, as the European crops seem rather scant, our farmers have the wherewithal to supply the deficiency.

THE REBEL CONFISCATION ACT.—This act does not, like our own, make two bites of a cherry, it confiscates "all property of *every description* owned, possessed or enjoyed by *alien enemies* since the 21st of May, 1861." Moreover, every Union man of the South who does not repent and take the oath of allegiance to the rebel government, is considered by law an "*alien enemy*," and his property will be confiscated.

THE NAVY.

It is not to be denied that the Navy, so far, has hardly come up in its action to the public expectation. But the recent course of Secretary Welles in conferring important commands upon the younger officers—such as McKean, Goldsborough, Dupont, Marston, Lardner, Davis, Drayton, and Turner—will, we trust, inaugurate a new state of affairs. We long to see the days of Paul Jones, Lawrence, Perry, Decatur, and Stewart, come again. We have no doubt that there is plenty of excellent material among our naval officers, and that the only thing wanting is to get the right men in the right place. Our whaling fleet (the great nursery of seamen) is the best in the world—the most skillful, the most daring, the most successful. We have the traditionary Northern love of the sea. As Gerald Massey says in his poem of "The Norseman:"—

> *"The wild wave-motion, weird and strange,*
> *Rocks in him;* seaward he must range.
> For life is just a mighty lust
> To wear away with use, not rust.
> Though bitter wintry cold the storm,
> The fire within him keeps him warm.
> Kings quiver at his flag unfurled:
> *The sea-king's leader of the world.*
> Conquering comes the Norseman!"

THE NAVAL EXPEDITION.

The particulars have been so well concealed, that we only know as we write this, that an expedition started some day last week, for some point on the southern Atlantic coast, it is said, and that we may expect to hear news of an attack any moment. The vessels are said to carry 275 guns, and the number of troops is variously stated. The Vanderbilt, Atlantic and Baltic carried the troops from New York. It is said that it is not safe to go very far south before the 10th of November.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

TOM BROWN AT OXFORD. A Sequel to School Days at Rugby. By the Author of School Days at Rugby, Scouring of the White Horse, &c. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The series which is now completed by the issue of the second volume of "Tom Brown at Oxford," is one of the most popular and widely read of late publications. Its charm is chiefly due not to romantic adventure, interesting plot, or vivid individualization, though none of these qualities are entirely lacking in its flavor. Its geniality, earnestness, healthy animalism, pure morality, and, above all, its *pluck*, are its most decided good points. That a man can be a good and devoted Christian, and yet love and heartily enjoy the outward world in which his Creator has placed him, is a cardinal point of its author's faith. The better, he thinks, that a man loves the real good uses and delights of this world, the better he must surely be fitted to live and labor in it. Tom Brown is certainly no anchorite; he has a hearty, jolly life of it in the main; and if his leading propensities draw him out of bounds and into trouble, he is ready to bear his punishment like a man, and work his way back into the right path with the persistent energy, the cheerful endurance of suffering, which Mr. Hughes, summing it up under the name of "pluck," claims as the peculiar Anglo Saxon virtue which is making that race the dominant one of the world.

How far that same Anglo Saxon nature is modified in England, as here, by its Celtic admixture, and how favorably the warm-hearted impulsiveness of the latter-nationality may affect the sturdy obstinacy of the former, might be worth some consideration. The author in "Tom Brown at Rugby" assumes the "Brown family" as the type of English character; yet it is noticeable that his own name is a Welsh one, and we fancy Hughes would represent his idea as well as the more Saxon Brown.

Tom's love adventures are by no means the best of his experiences, though they occupy the greater part of the second volume. We are inclined to reverse the poet's couplet, and fancy Mr. Hughes trying his prentice hand rather on the lass than the man, so near a risk does the heroine run of being alternately "fast" and "young-ladyfied." But if some writers excel this one in love scenes, none have given us better and livelier pictures of the boating course, the cricket-ground, the angler's joys, and the whole round of out-door enjoyments, with the healthy thoughts and feelings arising from them. Let the lovers of the "gentle craft" judge from this extract the spirit of the rest:

"Stanch fellow, the keeper," said Tom to himself, as he reeled out yard after yard of his tapered line, and with a gentle sweep dropped his collar of flies lightly on the water, each cast carrying another line feet of the dimpling surface. "Good fellow, the keeper—don't mind telling a story against himself—can stand being laughed at—more than his master can. Ah, there's the fish he saw rising. Now, gently, now, no eagerness, over his nose, and fall light—don't disgrace your bringing up!" and away went the flies quivering through the air and lighting close to the opposite bank under a clump of rushes. A slight round eddy followed below the rushes, as the cast came gently back across the current.

"Ah, you see them, do you, old boy?" thought Tom. "Say your prayers then and get shrived!" and away went the flies again, this time a little below. No movement. The third throw, a great lunge and splash, and the next moment the lithe rod bent double, and the gut collar spun along, cutting through the water like mad. Up goes the great fish twice into the air, Tom giving him the point, then up stream again, Tom giving him the butt and beginning to reel up gently. Down goes the great fish into the swaying weeds, working with his tail like a twelve-horse screw. "If I can only get my nose to ground," thinks he. So thinks Tom, and trusts to his tackle, keeping a steady strain on trouty, and creeping gently down stream. "No go," says the fish, as he feels his nose steadily hauled round, and turns with a swirl down stream. Away goes Tom, reeling in, and away goes the fish in hopes of a slack—away, for twenty or thirty yards—the fish coming to the top lazily, now and again, and holding on to get his second wind. Now a cart track crossed the stream, no weeds, and shallow water at the side. "Here we must have it out," thinks Tom, and turns fish's nose up stream again. The big fish gets sulky, twice drifts toward the shallow, and twice plunges away at the sight of his enemy into the deep water. The third time he comes swaying in, his yellow side gleaming and his mouth open; and the next moment Tom scoops him out on the grass with a "whoop" that might have been heard at the house.

"Two-pounder, if he's an ounce," says Tom, as he gives him the *coup de grace*, and lays him out lovingly on the fresh green sward.

Who among you, dear readers, can appreciate the intense delight of grassing your first big fish after a nine months' fast? All first sensations have their special pleasure, but none can be named, in a small way, to beat this of the first fish of the season? The first clean leg-hit for four in your first match at Lords—the grating of the bows of your racing boat against the stern of the boat ahead in your first race—the first half-mile of a hunt from the cover-side in November, when the hounds in the field ahead may be covered with a table cloth, and no one but the huntsman and a top sawyer or two lies between you and them—the first brief after your call to the bar, if it comes within the—the sensations produced by these are all the same kind; but the cricket, boating, getting bricd, even hunting, lose their edge as time goes on. As to lady readers, it is impos ible, probably, to give them an idea of the sensation in question. Perhaps some may have experienced something of the kind at their first balls, when they heard whispers, and saw all eyes turning their way, and knew that their dresses and gloves fitted perfectly. But this joy can be felt but once in a life, and the first fish comes back as fresh as ever, or ought to come, if all men had their rights, once in a season. So, good luck to the gentle craft, and its professors, and may the Fates send us much into their company!" The troubadour, like the landscape painter, haunts the loveliest places of the earth, and haunts them alone. Solitude, nature, and his own thoughts—he must be on the best terms with all of them; and he who can take kindly that largest allowance of these, is likely to be the kindliest and truest with his fellow men.

We do not follow our "eminently English" hero with so much pleasure into the bogs of Political Economy and Social Reform in which we presently find him floundering, and from which, we fear, the author will not be able to eventually extricate either himself or his hero; not, at any rate, until he finds a better guide to firm land than Carlyle's Past and Present, which appears to be the best gospel of deliverance which Young England, in Tom Brown's personality, has yet attained to. Lookers on from this side of the ocean, which divides us by more than its waste of waters, can see that Chartism, Poor Laws, theories of equality of Social Rights, or what not, will all prove very inefficient lotions for the gangrene that deepens and broadens in the lowest strata of English life, while the policy which for centuries has guided British councels is still persisted in.

It is well for a nation to care duly and prudently for her own interests, manufacturing or what else. It is not well when she makes her overweening and morbid ambition to become "the work-shop of the world," a Juggernaut to crush her weaker neighbors to the earth. England, in the time when she needed it, protected her infant manufactories with laws whose penalties throw far into the shade any other protective enactments that the world has known. Prospering in her undertakings, she no longer merely protected herself from aliens or enemies, but—unnatural mother!—drained the blood of her own children to foster her central life. Her colonies might remain in the barbarism of unmixed agricultural pursuits, producing raw material for her work shops, but skilled and diversified industry has been, as far as possible, forbidden them. Let depopulated and impoverished Ireland, let suffering India whose arts are perishing under British rule, show what might have been the fate of America, had not the revolt of a part of the colonies conquered essential liberty for the others too. Can ambition and selfishness on the part of a nation pass without retributive justice re-acting on herself? Tom Brown may weary his heart and brains over the national problem, Alton Locke may warn the people with uplifted voice that "The day of the Lord is at hand," young England may stir its strength to lift the mountain from its breast, but like the giant Enceladus struggling beneath the weight of Ætna, the throes are the precursors of lava and fire eruptions. Centuries of wrong are not to be righted in a day, even when the root of the evil is discovered and acknowledged; and we feel a more doubtful fear of the ills which this century of upheaval may bring to England than we do of the results of our own frantic fever struggle. We fear for her, for she is still in spite of quarrels and estrangements, our own dearly-loved mother country. To English hearts and hands, as shown us in the kindly and brotherly words in which Mr. Hughes dedicates his book to our poet Lowell, we cordially give our own in return, and unite with him in hoping that our countries will "acquit themselves as sisters should in this fiery trial time."

THE ATTACK ON LEXINGTON, MISSOURI—HEROIC DEFENCE OF COLONEL MULLIGAN.—The opening attack was made on Monday, with 8,000 men, and lasted two hours, the rebels being repulsed, with 100 killed and, as tween 200 and 400 wounded, the United States forces losing five killed and seven wounded. The town is strongly fortified and Colonel Mulligan confidently expressed his opinion that he could hold Lexington against ten times his force.

On Tuesday a severe fight took place with the rebels for the possession of the ferry boats, three in number, and the rebels are said to have captured them. If this be true, Sturges's reinforcements will have some difficulty in crossing the river. Twelve wagon loads of rebel dead and wounded are said to have been carried away.

On Wednesday Price assaulted the city four or five times, but was repulsed with a loss of over 300 men. Col. Mulligan has in Lexington 3,500 troops. Gen. Price's besieging army is variously raised at from 15,000 to 20,000. Col. Mulligan's reply to Price's demand on him (previous to the attack) to surrender, was "Go to h——."

COL. FRANK BLAIR has been placed under arrest by Gen. Fremont for writing letters against him to Washington, when his regular course as an officer was to prefer open charges. It seems that Mr. Blair while acting as colonel, and signing himself such, has never accepted a commission, because it would lose him his seat in Congress.

LATEST NEWS.

REPORTED SURRENDER OF LEXINGTON, MO.—It is reported that the whole of Col. Mulligan's command at Lexington surrendered to the rebel army of Gen. Price on Friday evening, having been completely exhausted by hard fighting, and the total deprivation of water. He had 3,500 men, of whom 900 were killed or wounded, leaving but 2,600 effective men against 20,000 rebels. The loss of the rebels is reported at between three and four thousand.

A special dispatch to the Chicago Tribune from headquarters, at St. Louis, received on Sunday evening, says the surrender of Mulligan is not believed there, but that reinforcements were pushing toward him from four different directions.

It is also said in a dispatch that the American flag was seen flying at Lexington on Saturday morning.

ANOTHER VICTORY IN VIRGINIA.—Gen. Reynolds and the United States forces at Cheat Mountain, have had a battle with the enemy and driven them off, killing nearly 100 men.

FROM MISSOURI.—Gen. Fremont has appointed Brigadier Generals Pope and Sigel and Colonels Adjutant General McKinstry to command as Major Generals, and Colonels Davis, Mulligan, Kelton and Totten as acting brigadiers.

GOV. GAMBLE has issued a call to the State Convention to meet at St. Louis on the 10th of October.

A VICTORY IN MISSOURI.—A battle occurred at Blue Mills, Mo., on the 17th, between 1,500 U. S. volunteers, under Colonel Glover, and 3,000 rebels, in which the latter were routed, losing 150 men in killed and wounded, besides 12 prisoners. Our loss was 50 killed and 35 wounded.

DRAFTING IN IOWA.—CHICAGO, SEPT. 21.—Drafting for the army commences in Iowa to-morrow, orders to that effect having been issued by the Governor yesterday.

KENTUCKY.—CINCINNATI, Sept. 21.—It is understood to-day that some eight regiments of Indiana troops have been ordered across the Ohio river into Kentucky.

The rebel General Buckner has issued a proclamation to the people of Kentucky, announcing that he has occupied Bowling Green with his forces. General Anderson has also issued a proclamation announcing that in accordance with the request of the Legislature he takes command of that military district; that he comes to enforce laws, and not to make them. He summons the people of the state to arm in self defence. Governor Magoffin has also issued his proclamation, ordering General Thomas L. Crittenden to execute the purposes of the Legislature, and General Crittenden has ordered the militia to be mustered forthwith into service. The rebel force at Bowling Green numbers 8,000 men, with 21 pieces of artillery.

LINCOLN'S CLAIM.—Several slaves belonging to a wealthy farmer in this vicinity recently disappeared, and it is reported that on application Gen. Banks gave the owner permission to search among the camps for them.

PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Curtin is about to issue a proclamation to stop enlistments in Pennsylvania for regiments credited to other states. We have now recruiting stations open in Philadelphia for regiments credited to New York, California, Delaware, etc. To Major-General Baker's California brigade alone, we have contributed, it is said, 5,000 troops.

NEW DEPARTMENT.—Boston, Sept. 21.—Orders have been issued from Washington to Capt. Keniel, quartermaster at this port, directing him to provide quarters and rations on George Island, in this harbor, for one hundred political prisoners. The prisoners are expected to arrive in a few days.

ANOTHER STEP BACKWARD.—Secretary Seward has published an order, forbidding the seizure of rebel property except when used for rebellious purpose, or in transit between the rebel and loyal states, in violation of the recent laws of Congress. This, we suppose, is to make the action of the government harmonize with the President's letter to Fremont respecting slaves.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The sending of English troops to Canada has been suspended in consequence of the severe censures cast on the movement for it. A combined Anglo-French-Spanish naval and military expedition will soon be organized against Mexico, to obtain redress for the injuries to British and French interests in that quarter. The Spanish Government will probably be offered a share in the same business, and will doubtless refuse to sanction so dangerous a precedent.

THE FREMONT DIFFICULTY.—We learn from Washington that there is no probability of the removal of Gen. Fremont, and that "he is as high in the confidence of the Administration as he was at the time of his appointment."—*Phila. Press.*

FREMONT AND HIS ENEMIES.—No action has been taken against General Fremont by the President, nor is there any probability of his doing so. There is a heavy pressure being brought to bear to induce his removal, but so far it is all in vain. The matter is now reduced to the simple question, whether Fremont is Major-General, or Frank P. Blair, Jr.

Fremont has always had his own way with matters in the West, and he cannot bear to have Fremont pursue a course different to the one he considers proper, and as Fremont refuses to be dictated to by him, he has sworn that either him removed, or either have his place himself, or have it filled by a more *pliable* man. Fremont gave him all he asked for in reason, but the more he received the more he wanted, and he finally insisted on Fremont's acting as Aid-de-camp to carry out his ideas. You may rest assured that at present there is no intention to either remove him or call him to Washington *to explain*.

The "Blair *family*" have no doubt considerable influence in the Government, but as yet there are others who have an interest in the Administration.—*Wash. Cores. Philada. Inquirer.*

FROM CALIFORNIA.—A REPUBLICAN GOVERNOR ELECTED.—The State election returns are still incomplete by from 13,000 to 15,000 votes thus far, in round numbers, Stanford (Republican) has 52,000 votes, and the other two candidates (Union Democrats and Breckinridge Democrats), about 27,000 each, with even chances as to which will prove the highest in the end.

The Assembly will be strongly Republican, and that party also has a large plurality in the Senate.

The emigration from Texas, owing to the disorderly condition of things in that state, is said to be very large.

THE CHEROKEES AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT.—At New Orleans, John Ross, chief of the Cherokee Indians, publishes a statement that at a mass meetin on the 21st ult, his people authorized their authorities to form an alliance with the rebel government, and that a mounted regiment, under Col. Drew, will be raised for the rebel service.

☞ "MASSA," said a darkey to his master, "dat hoss came berry near being mine." "How so, Sambo?" "De hoss come being mine in dis wise: I axed de owner to gib him to me. He said no. If he had only said yes, he would be mine, by golla!"

NEWS ITEMS.

GEN. WOOL has sent to Washington for instructions touching the course to be pursued with contraband slaves, two thousand of whom are now at Fortress Monroe. He is ordered to send to Washington all whom he can spare, the men to be set to work on intrenchments, the women to be employed in the camp kitchens, and paid for their services.

THE NATIONAL LOAN IN ENGLAND.—The *New York Times* has the statement that an American gentleman recently from London, asked Joshua Bates, of the eminent banking house, whether England would take any part of our new 7 30 per cent. at par. His prompt reply was that the English people would get no part of the loan at par for the sufficient reason, based on the last advices from this side, that the legal taxes would absorb the whole loan, and that is being accomplished, as it soon will be, the English people would be glad to buy part of it at a premium.

RECREATION.—The civil war is giving a most remarkable and unexpected stimulus to the overland emigration to California and Oregon. The plains are swarming with caravans of emigrants from Missouri, Tennessee, Texas, and Kentucky, all destined for the Pacific coast.

MAINE ELECTION.—Returns from 400 towns in the State foot up as follows:

Washburn (Rep.)	59,000
Jameson (Union Dem.)	19,170
Dana (Peace Dem.)	17,789

MAJOR BUZZENWEIN, formerly an officer of Engineers on Garibaldi's staff, has offered his sword to the Government.

THE Government has accepted the tender of military services by the Comte de Paris and the Duc de Chartres; they will probably enter Gen. McClellan's staff. The young Count de Penthievre, son of the Prince de Joinville, enters the U. S. Naval Academy. He is 16 years of age.

THE REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.—The National Intelligencer says:—"We believe that the frequent threats of the Richmond papers, in regard to the closing of the Potomac by batteries along the shore, have never made any serious impression on our military authorities. There are shells enough at command, at any time, to enable our vessels to dislodge the rebels along the line."

CANNON AT BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore American says, that sixty-four cannon have reached that point from Pittsburg, for the fortifications on Federal Hill, and that there are six similar pieces awaiting removal from the Bolton depot to the same destination.

THE Navy Department has accepted propositions from Messrs. C. S. Bushnell & Co., of New Haven; Merrick & Sons, of Philadelphia; and J. Ericsson, of New York, for the construction of *iron-clad vessels*.

UPON the person of one of the rebel members of the Maryland Legislature, was found a copy of the Secession Ordinance, which it was intended should be passed as soon as practicable after the opening of the session.

M. GUYON, a retired sanitary inspector of the French army, who has since 1856 made the subject of poisons a specialty has found that the poison of vipers inoculated into vipers has never killed them; that the bite of a viper by itself or by another viper is but an ordinary wound, and not envenomed; and that it is the same with poisonous serpents.

THE commanding officer of the United States forces at Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, has been authorized to accept the services of such loyal North Carolinians, not to exceed one regiment, as in his neighborhood may volunteer to take up arms for the United States.

PRINCE Salm-Salm, of Prussia, has been appointed Colonel of the regiment known as the Kentucky Cavalry, chiefly composed of Pennsylvanians, and lately commanded by Col. Young.

THE rebels say they have 300,000 troops between Manassas and Washington.

MANY grains of allowance must be made in the very large figures put to the credit of the Confederate army. We are in no danger of over-estimating their forces, as we formerly were of under-rating them. The total number of white males in the eleven seceded states between the ages of 18 and 45, is about 1,100,000. If only half of these are in the field—which is a large estimate—it will give but 500,000 men to defend one of the most exposed countries in the world.

GEN. PILLOW advertises for the head of Hon. Emerson Etheridge. Pillow knows what he most needs, a *good head*. One of our contemporaries suggests that the bed of the Mississippi would be a very good place to put that very soft Pillow.

IT is understood that several of our army officers are busily engaged in returning fugitive slaves to their masters, notwithstanding the resolution of Congress upon the subject.

AMONG the killed by the Little Platte River Bridge disaster, was Barclay Coppe, of the John Brown raid notoriety, together with five or six men with him, who were enroute to join Montgomery's command. John Brown, Jr., is raising a company of sharp-shooters in Ohio for Montgomery.

MCMASTERS, editor of the Freeman's Journal, a Roman Catholic paper with secession sympathies, in New York, has been arrested, and taken to Fort Lafayette.

THE Memphis Appeal thus notifies Kentuckians of the purpose of the secessionists regarding the state:—*"The South needs her Territory, and must have it, though at the price of blood and conquest."*

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—An English gentleman drew thirty thousand dollars from a great banking house in New York, who were paying him four per cent. on sums, and a few days since invested it with the Government, who are paying seven and three-tenths per cent. per annum. He has written to his friends in London, urging them to invest five hundred thousand dollars in the same securities.

OLIVER CROMWELL said, that nothing could conquer men who had the high principles of honor of the English gentry but a higher principle still. "Accordingly," he says, "I raised such men as had the fear of God before them, and made some conscience of what they did. And from that day forward they did prosper, and grow to that height, that were engaged against the enemy, they beat continually."

THE national army on the Potomac, is well supplied with bread. A person who lately visited the army baking establishments, says that the troops are supplied daily with about one hundred and fifty thousand loaves of soft, sweet bread, and all of beautiful quality, besides crackers or hard bread in considerable amount. Two ovens turn out a number of flour each day, in bread and crackers, is about nine hundred barrels."

ILLINOIS TROOPS ORDERED TO WASHINGTON.—The Government has directed Gen. Fremont to send six of the Illinois regiments to Washington. These will include three of the Illinois troops at Cairo and St. Louis, and their places supplied with regiments from Chicago, Peoria, and Camp Butler. The regiments at Peoria, and the Douglas Brigade, at Chicago, have been ordered to St. Louis; Col. Hovey's regiment, at Camp Butler, to Centralia; and Col. Carlin's regiment, at the same camp, is to go southward, as soon as it is equipped, which will be in the course of the present week.

MY SHIP.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

Down to the wharves, as the sun goes down,
And the daylight's tumult, and dust, and din
Are dying away in the busy town,
I go to see if my ship comes in.

I pass far over the quiet sea,
Rosy with sunset, like mellow wine,
Where ships, like lilies, lie tranquilly,
Many and fair—but I see not mine.

I question the sailors every night
Who over the bulwarks idly lean,
Noting the sails as they come in sight—
"Have you seen my beautiful ship come in?"

"Whence does she come?" they ask of me—
"Who is her master, and what her name?"
And they smile upon me pityingly
When my answer is ever and ever the same.

Oh, mine was a vessel of strength and truth,
Her sails were white as a young lamb's fleece,
She sailed long since from the port of Youth—
Her master was Love and her name was Peace.

And like all beloved and beauteous things,
She faded in distance and doubt away—
With only a tremble of snowy wings
She floated, swan-like, adown the bay.

Carrying with her a precious freight—
All I had gathered by years of pain;
A tempting prize to the pirate Fate—
And still I watch for her back again.

Watch for the earliest morning light,
Till the pale stars grieve o'er the dying day—
To catch the gleam of her canvas white
Among the islands which gem the bay.

But she comes not yet—she will never come
To gladden my eyes and my spirit more—
And my heart grows hopeless, and faint, and dumb,
As I wait and wait on the lonesome shore—

Knowing that tempest and time and storm
Have wrecked and shattered my beauteous bark—
Rank sea-weeds cover her wasting form,
And her sails are tattered, and stained, and dark.

But the tide comes up, and the tide goes down,
And the daylight follows the night's eclipse—
And still with the sailors, tanned and brown,
I wait on the wharves and watch the ships.

And still with a patience that is not hope,
For vain and empty it long hath been,
I sit on the rough shore's rocky slope,
And watch to see if my ship comes in.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM A PIRATE.

In the spring of the year 18—, I was returning home from the East Indian station, on promotion, as passenger in a merchant-ship of about 500 tons burden, named the *Anne* of London. She was terribly overladen, and our progress, though favored by fair weather and propitious winds, had been slow and tedious. We had, however, successfully rounded the Cape, and had watered at St. Helena, when in due course we found ourselves becalmed in the "horse latitudes," so dreaded by all persons in a hurry.

Here the good ship lay, not only "all that day," as the old song says, but for more than fourteen days, under a cloudless sky and broiling sun, with the pitch bubbling up between every plank of the scorched deck. The brass rails on the poop and elsewhere, and every portion of metal within the influence of the sun, were not to be touched with impunity; and it was not even quite safe, if clad in thin duck or nankeen, to trust to a wooden seat! Time hung heavily on the hands of all on board, both passengers and crew. Every one was grumbling at everything.

Among the passengers, I had made the acquaintance of a very agreeable French gentleman, who, with his wife and little children, were returning to la belle France, after a protracted sojourn in one of the islands in the Indian seas under the British flag. A pretty colored ayah was their sole domestic. I found M. de S—— a man of great intelligence, and a very agreeable companion, and his pretty, but over-petted, wife was also very charming, particularly to a young sailor like myself.

Everything had been tried to enliven the monotony of our lives, from dancing down to pitch-and-toss, and devoutly did we pray for another kind of pitch-and-toss, with a "wet sheet" and a "capful" of wind. We were beginning to hate everything, even our companions in grief, and almost fancied that we were bewitched within the magic blue ring of the horizon, and doomed to remain there spell-bound for ever.

Matters were in this state when, one day, as M. de S—— and myself were moodily pacing the deck under the awning, a small object far away astern of us caught my eye. I saw at once that it was a sail of some kind, but what particularly attracted my attention was the rapid way in which, though still many miles distant, it appeared to be approaching. This puzzled me greatly, as the sea was of an oily calmness, and not a "cat's paw" ruffled the bosom of the deep. I drew my companion's attention to the object, and hurried below for my glass. When I returned on deck, M. de S—— exclaimed: "This vessel must be a steamer, as she seems to move very fast." Even he, a landsman, had observed the same thing that had astonished me.

I soon got the glass settled upon the object, and then a terrible solution of the mystery burst upon me.

The vessel was a long, low, roguish-looking craft, bermaphrodite rigged, and with a tremendous rake aft in her tall tapering masts; but that which absorbed all my senses and faculties was the steady rise and fall, the successive flash and disappearance of sweeps, or long oars, from each side of the hull. What could this mean? Had I been cruising among the Malays, or even up the Mediterranean, I could have better understood the matter; but here, out at sea, hundreds of miles away from any land, what could this small villanous-looking craft be sweeping about for? My heart sickened at the very thought. Improbable though it appeared, this vessel must be a pirate!

At this moment, I felt some person touch my arm, and turning round I saw the master of the ship (Mitchell). He appeared pale and agitated, and whispered in a husky voice:—"What do you make of her, sir?"

Alas! this was no time for mincing matters, so I at once told him my suspicions. "Great Heaven!" said he, "we are lost; for I do not think I have a firearm on board fit for service, and but a trifle of powder; my crew, also, are only twenty-four men, all told!"

Certainly this was not a very cheering prospect, with a pirate under our lee; but, however, I begged him at once to call a council of war of all the officers of his ship, and the three male passengers, including myself, in order to consult what to do in this frightful emergency.

This he at once did, and without disturbing Madame de S——, who fortunately was not *visible* that day, being somewhat indisposed (that is to say, *too lazy to get up.*) We at once proceeded to the "cuddy," the council consisting of the master, his two mates, the boatswain, and the carpenter; M. de S——, a Mr. Johnson, and myself. It would be tedious to describe the meeting; but the upshot of the matter was, that *I* was requested to undertake the warlike preparations; and the male passengers, together with the skipper and his officers, swore to assist and obey me in everything. This was a great responsibility to be thrust upon a young fellow of about twenty-two years of age; but I did not hesitate to undertake it.

My first step was to get Mitchell to muster the crew on the quarter-deck, where I made them a short speech, telling them of the suspicions we had of the craft in our wake, and that we must make the best of a very bad job; that if it came to a brush, I felt sure, I said, that every mother's son of them would fight to the last, to defend the good ship and the two helpless women and the poor little children who were among us. Mitchell also told them to obey me in everything, as I was a king's officer, and up to fighting-affairs.

The men answered with a cheer, and one old fellow, who was called "Old Joe," at once stepped forward and said:—"If you please, your honor, I was captain of a gun for many years on board a king's ship; and if so be there should be anything of that sort on board, I and Bill here"—with a jerk of his thumb over his shoulder—"can show them how to handle them." Mitchell now remembered that there were a couple of old carronades *somewhere in the hold*, but he could not exactly state whereabouts! The hint, however, was sufficient, and an exploring-party was speedily sent below to search. After a tedious and anxious rummage below, the joyful cry was heard from Old Joe: "Here they are, my hearties; so bear a hand to get them alewed up!" And there, indeed, appeared two old ship-guns, with their carriages, but from their looks I hardly hoped that they would stand a charge of powder! However, the hold was quickly opened; and, by the help of an extemporary derrick, our pieces of ordnance were safely hoisted upon deck.

The preparing of these guns for service I left for Old Joe and his shipmates, whilst I and my party collected all the old cutlasses, muskets, and pistols we could find on board. M. de S—— had a good sword and a pair of duelling pistols, Mr. Johnson had a brace of pistols also, and I had a sword and pistols. From among the rubbish on board we selected three muskets, four bayonets, six or seven cutlasses, and a couple of tolerable pistols. The bayonets we set to work and spliced on to the capstain bars, and so rigged out some capital boarding-pikes; the firearms we cleaned, and the cutlasses we sharpened by grinding on the carpenter's stone. When all was ready, Old Joe proposed to "scale the guns," and in order to appear as formidable as we could, we contrived to fire the two guns in succession on the starboard side, and then run them over to port and fire them again. By this device we appeared to carry four guns. We tried our small arms also in the same manner, firing the muskets and pistols in volleys.

Much time was consumed in these proceedings, and whether it was that our stratagem had told with some effect or not, it was evident that the brigantine's sweeps had been laid in, and that she had advanced no nearer in the interval. We therefore concluded that the pirate intended to wait till nightfall before he ran us aboard. God help us! It was a fearful thought. But every one bore up like a hero, and we made the best preparations that we could devise to resist the anticipated assault.

Towards sundown, another sail was seen on the horizon, and the pirate appeared to perceive her at the same moment, for he once more "out sweeps," and pulled towards the ill-fated sail at a smart pace. Every eye was strained in watching the two vessels; and just as it became too dark to distinguish distant objects, a flash, followed by a loud report, startled the stoutest hearts amongst us. Further surmises were useless, for up to this moment, though some had still tried to "hope against hope," that the strange craft was not a pirate, after all, the dreadful certainty fell like lead upon the hearts of all! That gun-shot had told a tale that none could doubt the meaning of; and unless God should send help, either by a night-breeze, or some ship with which we might act in concert, and so beat off this scoundrel, our doom must, in all human probability, be indeed a fearful one. But it was of no use to give way to despair; and darkness having now closed in, we extinguished every light on board, even in the binnacle, and enforced the strictest silence fore and aft in the ship. I need not say there was no sleep for any of us that night. Anxiety had "murdered sleep," and none even attempted to "turn in." Long and dreadful passed the feverish hours of that terrible night; and by the first faint streak of dawning light every eye was strained to see if the pirate was still in sight. Alas! a glance was sufficient. Not only was the pirate there, but *another vessel* with him, evidently the prize he had captured the night before. Still they were at some distance astern of us, and it seemed that the misfortune of this vessel had probably saved us from the night attack we had expected.

Our nerves had been so overstrained for many hours, that some now began to show signs of wavering and despair. Under the circumstances, therefore, I thought it better to order a good allowance of grog to be served out to the poor fellows, and keep them employed in exercising the guns, &c., as much as our small stock of powder would admit. Thus passed another wretched day of suspense and misery.

As evening was approaching, we saw the pirate again making use of her sweeps, and she advanced this time so close to us, that with the naked eye we could see her decks swarming with men, and a "long Tom," (or large swivel-gun) amid-ships. I at once ordered every man to his station, as we all anticipated an immediate attack; but, to our astonishment, after a deliberate survey, she went about, and swept back again to her prize. She evidently thought we were rather too well armed and prepared for an easy prey during daylight, so we once more set ourselves for our long and anxious night-watch. Some of our men were so wearied out that I sent them below to snatch a little rest; but by nightfall, of their own accord, all hands had again mustered on deck.

The lights were once more extinguished, and I was pacing the poop with silent and sorrowful steps, when suddenly I felt a cool air fanning my cheek. Yes, truly, it was no delusion: *a breeze had sprung up at last!* Thank God! Instantly springing down upon deck, I gave orders to set every stitch upon her "below and aloft," and to trim the yards so as to feel the full benefit of the breeze. All was now bustle and activity; and after altering our course, by the skipper's good advice, we once more heard the joyful ripple of the waters as they danced by the good ship's bows.

But our joy was short-lived, for just as we were congratulating ourselves on our deliverance, our destruction was almost accomplished.

I was standing on the lee-quarter, watching what progress our ship was making, when I distinctly heard a sound that sent my blood tingling to my very extremities, and almost paralyzed me. *Muffled oars!* from one, two, three different points! Merciful God protect us! Silence was useless now, so I sprung amongst the crew, and shouting at the top of my voice: "Men, to your stations; the enemy's boats are alongside!" I rushed to the gun on the larboard-side, and hurried Old Joe and his comrades to the other, and with the crew about equally divided between us, we silently awaited the attack, each of us being armed with a couple of cannon balls in our hands. We had not long to wait, for, finding by the bustle on board that they were discovered, the pirates, with a yell, pulled boldly under the main channels, and in an instant were swarming up the ship's side. In another moment the savages would have been amongst us, but shouting to my men: "Let them have it, boys!" I hurled the heavy balls with all my strength into the boat, and prepared to defend myself with my sword. But the avalanche of cold iron had done its work, and the boat alongside was a mass of shattered timbers, with her ruffian crew already beaten down and struggling with the waters for their lives, except two fellows who were now in the rigging; a blow from my trusty sword disposed of one wretch, whilst a shot from one of our crew gave his quietus to the other.

Hearing a struggle on the starboard-side of the deck, I rushed over with my division, and I soon found we had enough and to spare still on our hands.

Old Joe and his party had given the other two boats much the same reception that *our* enemy had received, but not with such complete and smashing effect, for one of them appeared to have escaped damage altogether, and the other was only partially submerged, though fast sinking. The din of battle and the flash of small arms were raging around us, so, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, we let fly the old carronade, depressed to the utmost, at the uninjured boat, which, from the cries and yells that succeeded the report, appeared to be so no longer. But in the meantime several of the pirates had succeeded in gaining the deck, and the darkness prevented our seeing the full extent of our danger; so, retreating to the undischarged gun, we ran it in as quickly as possible, and slewed it round on to the ship's deck; we then threw a ball of blazing tow amongst the panic stricken pirates, and gave them the contents of the old gun at only a few yards' distance, tearing our own bulwarks to pieces, but effectually exterminating the savages who had gained the deck.

Finding, on examination, that we were completely victorious, and sole masters of the deck, we had once more leisure to look around; and great was our joy and gratitude to God when we found that the brigantine had not herself followed up the attack; trusting, I suppose, to the number in the boats, and confident of success, she still remained in the same position as when darkness closed in, for I could distinguish her lights from her mast-head and main peak, intended as signals for the guidance of the pirates deemed never to return to her.

We dared not yet congratulate ourselves on being in safety, but squaring the yards, we ran dead before the rapidly increasing breeze for the rest of the night; but the morning broke dull and squally, and after one rapid glance around, we came to the glorious certainty that our enemy was no longer in sight.

MUSICAL CUSTOMS AND PRACTICES.

REVISED AND CORRECTED FOR DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

1. Is it right that in connection with religious worship, the organ should overpower the voices of the choir, and the voluntaries and interludes occupy so large a portion of the time appointed for worship?—"The purpose of the organ is to incite calm, devotional feeling, and to support the choir, not to drive or overpower, which often seems to be the aim of accompanists. They should rather follow than lead, always playing their parts modestly though firmly, and with correctness and dignity. Voluntaries, interludes, &c., should occupy the smallest possible space, so that they will fulfill the purpose for which they are required."—*J. S. Bach.*

2. Is it right to make such an indiscriminate use of the open pedal as is usual with many amateurs, and even professional amateurs?—"The raising of the dampers with the open pedal of the piano has nothing to do with any proper variation of loudness in the tone, but is evidently used by unskilled performers as a cloak for their fault in playing. No truly good pianist has any occasion for the use of the pedal to assist him in the production of power and expression. Their purpose is only to sustain such tones as cannot otherwise be connected by the hands."—*J. A. Hummel.*

3. Is it right in singing to slide and drag the voice from one tone to another as seems to be esteemed elegant and fashionable at the present day?—"The portamento must be well distinguished from the disgustingly ill-toned drawling of one tone into another, which is like the sound produced on stringed instruments by slowly running the finger up or down the same string. This is not singing, though it is by many practised as such, and so called. Give each note its absolute value as common sense will dictate, and the difficulty is at once obviated."—*Haser.*

4. Is it right to abuse language in singing, as many do, by calling *the, thur—to, tur—by, bur*, &c.? Webster and other authorities give but one pronunciation of these words, and "there is *no reason* why they should not be pronounced in singing, as in correct speaking and declamation, and unquestionably they can be, so as not to interfere with any established rules of vocal art, and be all the more intelligible to the listener."—*Dwight's Journal of Music.*

5. Is it right in teaching the young to play the piano, to occupy their time and attention with polkas, dances, operatic medleys, &c.?—"The assurance has often been given by the authors of such music that they were designed for no such purpose. Give them exercises, studies, and real pianoforte compositions, that they may first learn how to apply them; if their taste leads them no higher, let them amuse themselves with such things, when the skill already acquired will enable them to play them without the usual labor and drudgery."—*G. Weber.*

6. Is it right to bring secular melodies into use in connection with religious worship?—"To nothing more than this does the adage apply, 'A place for everything and everything in its place.' Such melodies as drinking songs, love ditties, or what not, though pretty enough of themselves, have worldly, if not low and degrading associations connected with them, and are not only ill-fitted, but insulting to the presence and worship of the great God."—*Dr. Clark.*

7. Is it right for persons in playing a piece of music to exercise what they call their judgment as to the style and manner of performance?—"Every master has written his piece as he wishes to have it played, therefore, every note, word, and sign upon the music page should be sacred in the eyes of the player, and faithfully interpreted."—*A. B. Marx.*

8. Is it right when one person is playing or singing, at the request of others, for some to converse either aloud or in whispers, in their presence?—"It is ungrateful and discourteous, and should not be tolerated. When once Beethoven was playing a duet with his pupil, Ries, before a company of court ladies, at Vienna, on hearing them commence to talk, he snatched the hand of his pupil from the instrument, saying, 'I do not play before such swine.'"—*Moscheles.* [This rule seems to us good when a great master is playing, but certainly not good as an invariable rule. Shall there be no conversation, because certain parties choose to have music all the evening?—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

9. Is it right for any person to pronounce judgment upon any musical composition, after merely drumming it over, or giving it but a superficial examination?—"Every piece of music is a sealed book to him whose skill and education in music do not enable him to play and understand it like a master; and only with such knowledge and execution can any one form a proper judgment of a musical work of art."—*Carl Czerny.*

10. Is it right to collect large numbers of people together, and set them all to screaming and shouting upon one common principle without regard to individual peculiarities and vocal difficulties?—"No physician would enter the wards of a hospital and give physic indiscriminately without inquiring into the wants and symptoms of each patient; and yet there would be as much justice in doing so as in the former case. Every pupil should be trained *alone*, at least until perfect in vocalization."—*Puneron.*

11. Is it right in choral practice to double any one part and play three parts in the other bands, as is so customary with many?—"Again, play every piece as its author has written it. If each hand has the usual number of fingers, let the work be divided equally between the hands, unless either of the middle parts should be so remote from the outer part as to render it necessary, for the time being, to take it up with the other hand."—*Schneider.*

12. Is it right to rely implicitly upon musical talent, so called, without cultivation or instruction, thus allowing so many "self-taught" players to inflict themselves upon the community, as we are now obliged to listen to?—"One who would become a good pianist needs nothing to begin with but a good pair of hands and common sense. Let talent come in afterwards in its proper time and place, and the most desirable results may be obtained."—*Alexander Dreyschock.*

13. Is it right in playing or singing a passage in which there is a triplet in the melody, to two-eighths in the accompaniment, or *vice versa*, to perform it in that uncertain, indefinite way, which is almost universal, even among professional performers?—"In all combinations of regular and irregular rythmic forms, both parts should be played in perfect time; that is, they should commence together; then play a note of that part which has the greater number of notes, then of that which has the less, and so on, alternating and occupying the time with each part equally as common sense would direct."—*M. Clementi.*

14. Is it right in teaching or practising the piano, organ, &c., to expect any satisfactory result when the eyes are allowed continually to vacillate from the notes to the fingers, a practice so commonly indulged?—"The eyes should be habitually directed to the notes, and *never* to the keys. Not only is one liable to lose the place on the page, but looking at the fingers will accustom them to depend upon the eyes for assistance, and deprive themselves of that unerring certainty of aim and span so indispensable to pure and faultless mechanism."—*Carl Czerny.*

15. Is it right in teaching the piano to employ the key of C, as the introduction to and foundation of scale practice?—"The scale of C is the most difficult of all scales to perform upon the piano perfectly, it having no black keys to regulate the succession of the fingers. It should therefore be approached gradually after having established good and correct mechanism in those scales which contain as nearly as may be an equal number of black and white keys; as for example, A, E, Ab, Eb, major scales. Many suppose the scale of C to be easiest, merely because it can be blundered through without any certain or correct method of fingering; and it is owing to this mistake that so few among the thousands who attempt it, can play the piano as it should be."—*M. Clementi.*

16. Is it right in singing the vocal compositions of foreign authors, to substitute the translations which are offered with them by the publishers, for the text for which they were originally composed?—"The words which are used in the utterance of vocal tones, have much influence upon their quality, and a great part of the skill of a composer for the voice consists in applying certain tones to be sung only upon such vowels as will facilitate their execution. Our language abounds in uncertain and clumsy syllables. It is therefore necessary when these occur, that they be placed where medium tones of voice are used, and to avoid placing them where the tones must be sustained. How necessary then that the original text should be sung, or if a translation must be employed, that the syllables be so adapted that the vowel sound corresponds and assimilates with those for which the musical composer designed them."—*Fétis.*

17. Is it right to allow pupils the use of the metronome by which to mark their time when practising or playing upon the musical instrument?—"The metronome was invented and is designed to indicate the true movement of a musical work, and *not* to save lazy people the trouble of counting time as they should do. If one could play a piece through correctly, attending to the beating of a metronome, which is scarcely possible, if he possesses any nervous sensibility, the performance must necessarily bear a cold, hard and inexpressive character."—*J. A. Hummel.*

18. Is it right to estimate the skill of musical performers vocal or instrumental, by the rapidity of their execution?—"To sing a simple melody with purity and taste, or to play a fugue and interpret it properly, exacts and evinces more talent and skill than the performance of the most difficult or complicated musical compositions that require merely rapidity of execution. It is a great error to suppose that mere agility of fingering or rapidity of executing music, displays a great musician or singer."—*S. Thalberg.*

AT THE DOOR.

At the door of my heart you stand and knock—
Strange that you wish to enter there;
Strange you should try to force the lock
Of a house so empty, and cold, and bare!
The roof is crumbling—the walls are thin—
The casements dusty—and I ignore
All treacherous "bills" that have brought you in,
For the premises are "to let" no more!

All in vain; and the strong hands knock,
Lovingly touching the battered door,—
I turn the key in the rusty lock,—
"Enter, and leave this place no more!"
Humbled as hearts—of homes; and yet
(Since they have pleased you so, my dear),
Though the owner refuses again "to let,"
A life long lease makes the matter clear!

M. B.

ADVANTAGE OF BEING BORN IN THE COLD MONTHS.—The Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal says:—"It is a curious fact, but one on which sufficient inquiry has not been made to estimate the chance of long life from being born in the cold months, that in a list of forty-nine of the individuals in this town over 70 years of age, but seventeen were born between the months of May and November inclusive, while thirty-two were born in the other six colder months. In January, 5 were born; in February, 7; March, 8; April, 9; May, 3; June, 3; July, 1; August 2; September, 4; October, 2; November, 2; December, 5."

☞ A NEW FORM FOR SHIPS.—A new form for ships' hulls is coming into notice and practical use in England. The bow is shaped like a salmon's head, the stern like the hind part of a swan. This is said to give great advantages. The vessel sails better when heavily laden than light, scuds or lies to readily, and is cheaper to build.

LINES.

[The following lines were written by the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots shortly before her execution:

Oh Domine Deus, speravi in te,
Oh care mi Jesu nunc libera me;
In dura catena, in misera paena,
Desidero te,
Languendo, gemendo, et genuflectendo,
Adoro, implora, ut liberes me.

This verse has been rendered as follows:]

I have pass'd the dreams of childhood, and my
loves and hopes are gone,
And I turn to thee, Redeemer! oh, thou blest
and holy One!
Tho' the rose of health has vanished—the mandate has been spoken,
And one by one the golden links that bound my
life are broken,
Yet can my spirit turn to thee, thou chastener!
and can bend
In humble suppliance at thy throne, my Father
and my Friend!
Thou who hast crowned my youth with hope—
my early days with glee,
Give me the eagle's fearless wing—the dove's to
mount to thee!
I lose my foolish hold on life—its passions and
its tears—
How brief the golden ecstacies of its young, careless years!
I give my heart to earth no more—the grave may
clasp me now;
The winds, whose tone I loved, may play in the
dim cypress-bough,
The birds, the streams be eloquent; yet, I shall
pass away,
And in the light of Heaven shake off this cumbrous load of clay—
I will join the host, the loved of earth, and meet
each kindred breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the
weary are at rest!

HOW BANK NOTES ARE MADE.

The New York Evening Post informs us that the American Bank Note Company, located in that city, is the most extensive establishment of the kind in the world. It employs some of the best artists in the country in sketching designs. In some cases the artists send original sketches, but generally embody the ideas suggested to them. Darley's designs are frequent in our bank note circulation, and are at once recognized by those who are familiar with his style. The vignettes are combined with portraits of individuals, and the letters and lathe work which make up a bank note. The drawings are sent from the design-room to the pictorial engraving department. The best artists are employed in this department, and there are fifteen men, each at his own desk, who work eight hours per day, and earn from $2,000 to $4,000 per year. Some of them work exclusively upon "heads;" others upon human figures. In some cases a vignette which comprises landscape, sky, architecture and figures will pass through as many different hands, and the separate parts of the work, finished by artists who have made that style a specialty, make the whole as perfect as possible; indeed, a first-class vignette, unless a portrait, is hardly ever by one hand, and a portion of it is "bit in" with acids, and afterwards finished with a graver. The portrait engravers become so skillful, that they produce a perfect likeness from a photograph, painting, or engraving, and whatever work is in hand is given to the artist who is best qualified to make a finished picture of the kind required. All of the vignettes, and much of the larger letter work, are engraved on separate pieces of steel, from which proofs only are printed. These pieces are taken to the hardening-room, where two men who are experienced in handling steel, harden them, by heating and plunging them into water or oil.

The hardened plates are placed under presses of enormous power, and are "taken up" upon decarbonized dies of a cylindrical form, which are afterward hardened, and are used to transfer the impression to the plates from which the notes are printed. Thus the work is doubly transferred before it is printed. The shading of the letters is done by machinery, and in this way also is executed that curious, complicated, and beautiful groundwork for the figures, and from which the tints on the face and back of a note are printed. Such is the accuracy and uniformity of the geometrical lathe work and cycloidal ruling, that it is impossible to imitate them by hand. The production of these lace-like figures is the result of a mathematical problem worked out beforehand; so many turns of certain wheels will produce a certain figure, which can be multiplied by the transferring process indefinitely. The machines are very complicated and expensive, (though to one unacquainted with them they seem cheap and simple,) and require great skill and experience in their management and operation. We were shown in this department a geometrical lathe, not twice as large as an ordinary sewing-machine, and less than half as noisy, which was three years in building, and cost about $10,000. These machines are never patented, as the secret of their construction is worth more than a patent, and improvements and alterations are made from time to time, while their great cost prohibits their coming into general or improper use.

FEED THE SOLDIERS.—The British rout in Affghanistan, when they abandoned Cabul so disastrously, was due to one day's failure in provisioning the men. Marshal McMahon says that vast events depend upon an army's not going into action "till it has had its coffee." We quote these words from Mr. Parton, who adds that Napoleon says that what a soldier needs most is two things, "a full belly and a pair of shoes," and tells us that Frederic used to say, "An army, like a serpent, goes upon its belly."

It seems that the Scots
Turn out much better shots
At long distance, than most of the Englishmen are—
But this we all knew
That a Scotchman could do
Make a small piece of metal go awfully far.
—*London Punch.*

A LITTLE WHILE.

BY REV. DR. DONAR.

Beyond the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the shading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the frost-chain and the fever,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

"You are right," I said, in a low earnest tone. "It is Charlotte Delves."

"Who is she?" he asked.

"She is a distant relation of Edwin Barley's. It was said at that time that they were upon close and intimate terms."

"And is helping Mr. Barley to search out and persecute George Heneage, coming here for the purpose, I see."

"But, Mr. Chandos, what is George Heneage to you?"

"He is my brother, Anne. *He* is George Heneage," he added, pointing in the direction of the west wing.

He George Heneage! I sat in utter amazement. But, as I had traced the likeness in Charlotte Delves, so, now that the clue was given me, did I see that the resemblance, which had so haunted me in Mr. Chandos, was to the George Heneage of that unhappy time. But when I met Mr. Chandos, some years had elapsed since I saw George Heneage, and the clue would not come to me. How could they be brothers?

"You looked perplexed, Anne. Soon after the enacting of that dreadful tragedy, a large estate—this—was bequeathed to my father, Sir Thomas Heneage, upon condition that he assumed the name and arms of Chandos. You may be sure we lost no time in taking up the right; too thankful to drop the name of Heneage, which George had so disgraced."

"Then his name is no longer George Heneage, but George Chandos?" I breathlessly cried, unable to take the facts in quickly.

"Strictly speaking our name is Heneage-Chandos; and Heneage-Chandos we should have been always styled. But we were too thankful to be able to drop the name of Heneage, and we dropped it completely. Now you can understand the interest that Mr. Barley has in prying into the concerns of our house. He has always been on the watch for George; his most earnest desire is to see him brought to trial for murder, and condemned. You can also understand, Anne, why I and my brother Sir Thomas have felt ourselves bound in honor not to marry. For a brother to have committed murder is obloquy enough; but if that brother should come to suffer on the gibbet, the obloquy would be increased ten fold: and few young ladies would like to ally themselves with so notorious a family."

"I do not see it in that light, Mr. Chandos. The crime was committed by your brother George alone, and the disgrace ought to be confined to him. The rest of you had nothing to do with it."

"You don't know the world," he said, shaking his head. "If there be a black sheep in a family, be assured the odium of its color will fall on the rest."

"Did he really do it?" I asked in a low tone.

"He did. He made the confession to me a day or two ago. All the explanation or excuse that he offered was, that he was 'provoked to it.' He is very near his end."

"Do you believe he cannot live?"

"I should say not for many days; if hours, Mr. Barley may do his worst then."

"Has he been concealed here ever since?"

"That would have been next to impossible," replied Mr. Chandos, with a half smile at my simplicity. "He has been here but a short time: and no end of stratagems have we had to resort to to conceal the fact. My mother has been compelled to feign illness, and remain in the west wing, that she might have provisions and things carried up, as if for her. I have assumed the unenviable character of a sleep-walker: we have encouraged the notion that my dead father, Sir Thomas, haunted the pine-tree walk—"

"And are you not a sleep-walker? and is there no ghost?" I again breathlessly interrupted.

"The only ghost, the only sleep-walker, has been poor George," he sadly answered. "You saw him arrive, Anne."

"I?"

"Have you forgotten the night when you saw me—as you thought—dodging in and out of the trees, as if I wished to escape observation, and finally disappearing within the west wing? It was George. The next morning you accused me of having been there; I knew I had not, and positively denied it. Later I found that George had come: and then I amused you with a fable of my being addicted to sleep-walking. I knew not what else to invent: anything to cast off the scent from the right quarter: and I feared you would be seeing him there again."

"But—is it not highly dangerous for him to have ventured here?"

"Aye. After the murder he escaped abroad, and made his way to the Prussian dominions. We heard nothing of him for some time, though we were in the habit of remitting him funds periodically for his support. But one night he made his appearance here; it was not long after we had settled at Chandos, startling my mother and Hill nearly out of their senses. They concealed him in the west wing, and my mother feigned illness and remained in it with him, as she has done this time. He did not stay long, but my mother said she could henceforth be at no certainty, and she took to leaving the lower entrance door of the west wing unfastened at night, so that he might enter at once, should he arrive a second time. Three times in all has he come, including this.

"But it must surely be hazardous?"

"Nothing can be more so. Not to speak of the constant state of suspense and anxiety it keeps us all in. He declares he is obliged to come, or die; that he has the *mal du pays*, the yearning for home, to such an extent that when the fit comes on him, he is forced to come, and risk it. More dangerous, too, than his actually being here, is his walking out at night in the grounds, which he will do in spite of remonstrance. George was always given to self-will."

"Does he walk out?"

"Does he! Why, Anne, need you ask the question? Sometimes at dusk, sometimes not till midnight, out he will go. He says he could not live unless he breathed the fresh air once in the twenty-four hours. Have you not seen the 'ghost' yourself, more than once? Were you not terrified at him in the corridor? Do you forget when I gathered your face to me in the dark walk, while some one passed? I feared that you should see him—should detect that it was a living man, real flesh and blood, not a harmless ghost. Very glad were we when the servants, at his first visit, took up the theory of a ghost, in place of any more dangerous notion. From them it spread outside, so that the Chandos' ghost has become public rumor and public property."

"Do the servants know of the murder?"

"There is little doubt of it; that is public property, also. But years have elapsed since the period, and in all probability they have nearly forgotten it. But I have a word to say to you, Anne, respecting Mrs. Chandos. Mrs. Penn—I believe every breath and action of that woman to be vilely false, put forth with a covert motive—informed you that Mrs. Chandos was my wife. She never was my wife, but she was once my love."

A sort of chill stole over my heart. I did not answer.

"I met with her when she was Ethel Winn, a lovely, soft-mannered girl, and I learned to love her with impassioned fervor. We were engaged to be married, and she came on a visit to us with her elder sister, since dead. Little thought I that my sweet, soft-mannered girl was eaten up with ambition. One morning, at breakfast, a letter was brought in to my father. It was from India, and contained news of the death of my brother Tom, which, I need not tell you, who know that he is alive yet, was premature. He had been in action, the letter stated, was desperately wounded, and taken up for dead. Tom wrote us word afterwards that it was only when they went to bury him that they discovered he was alive. But he is given to joking. Well, we mourned him as dead; and George, in his free, careless manner, told Ethel she had better have engaged herself to him than to me, for that he could make her Lady Heneage, being the heir, which I never could. That George had always admired her, was certain. He had a weakness for pretty women. But for that weakness, and Mrs. Edwin Barley's being pretty, Philip King might be alive now."

Mr. Chandos paused a moment, and then went on in a lower tone, bending rather nearer to me: "Anne, will you believe that in less than three weeks' time they had eloped together?"

"Who?" I uttered, believing I must misunderstand.

"They—George Heneage and Ethel Winn. They soon came back, man and wife, for George had no where else to take her to—no other home. Lady Heneage was for refusing them, in her indignation, but Sir Thomas talked her over. A marriage entered into as theirs had been, would bring plenty of punishment in its wake, he observed. The punishment—for Ethel, at any rate—had already begun. She liked me best, far best, but ambition had been a powerful incentive, and she had married George on the strength of his being heir apparent to the title. News had now come that Thomas was alive and progressing steadily towards health."

"And you—what did you do?" I interrupted.

"I pocketed my bruised feelings and rode the high horse of mocking indifference; letting none suppose false Ethel had left a wound. The wound was there, and a pretty sharp one, five fathom deep though I strove to bury it. In six months' time she and George were tired of each other—if we might judge by appearances—and George spent a great deal of his time abroad. Ethel grumbled; said he had no right to go out, seeking pleasure, unless he took her; but George laughed off the complaints. They had been married about a year when the tragedy took place at Edwin Barley's. The shock to her, Ethel, was dreadful. Instead of being the wife of the heir to Sir Thomas Heneage, she was the wife of a murderer, who might at any time be brought to the gallows. She was attacked with brain fever, and has never been quite bright in intellect since. At times she is worse than at others; at the full and change of the moon, they are fond of saying; but that is all nonsense, old wives' tales."

"Has she been aware of these visits of her husband?"

"They could not be kept from her, seeing that she has the entree to the west wing. But they have not met on very cordial terms, and she has never regarded him as her husband since the tragedy. She took up some unpleasant notion with regard to Mrs. Edwin Barley, and has continued to resent it. Not but what she is most anxious to guard his secret; our only fear has been lest she should inadvertently betray it by some word of negligence when she was not herself. And now, Anne, I think you know all."

And a strange "all" it was. I could scarcely get reconciled to it.

"What is to be your answer?"

"My answer?" I faltered.

"Will you venture to promise yourself to me?"

"I thought I had promised," was my whisper, as I stole nearer to him.

Fervently he threw his arms round me, fervently he held me to him. How long I had remained in that sweet embrace I hardly know, when a faint cry of dismay escaped my lips. There stood Mrs. Penn.

Mr. Chandos lifted his face, and a haughty, displeased flush passed over it. He did not release me, but stood with me on his arm.

"May I inquire the meaning of your intrusion?" he demanded.

"Intrusion—oh. If it's looked upon in that light, I can retire, sir. I came to ask Miss Hereford to sit half an hour with me, but it appears that she's more agreeably occupied."

"Very much more. I can answer for Miss Hereford, that she will not be able to sit with you this evening. Perhaps you will allow me to suggest the courtesy of your knocking at this door another time, Mrs. Penn, before you enter it."

She turned away angrily, and banged the door after her. I quitted Mr. Chandos, sat down, and took up my embroidery.

"You have not told me what it is that is the matter with your brother."

"A broken heart. That is my opinion. He has fretted himself into his grave. Think what a life it has been for him! In exile, under a false name, no home, no comfort, the crime of murder ever searing his conscience—the marvel to me is, that he has lived so long. The doctors call it decline; but he has become rapidly worse within a few days."

"Is it to him that the doctors came?"

"To no one else. Lake was away, and we could not have him, and we dared to trust nobody but him with the secret. When the physician came from town, he was summoned 'to Mr. Harry Chandos,' and I had to feign illness to the household, and have a chamber made ready for me in the west wing."

I scarcely understood.

"Did the physician think he was called in to you?"

"He thought so. Thought that the sickly, worn-out man he saw lying on the sofa in my mother's sitting-room was Mr. Harry Chandos. I being all the while closely boxed up from sight in my temporary chamber."

"Then—when he told Mr. Dexter on going away that there was little hope of your life, he spoke of your brother."

"FRESH BREAD!"---IMPROMPTU OVEN BUILT BY THE NINETEENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, IN GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION, WESTERN MARYLAND.

By the above sketch, which we take from "Frank Leslie," our readers will see that Northern ingenuity is fully up to the exigencies of camp life. In such an oven bread of the best quality can be baked. We hear no complaints nowadays that the troops do not get enough to eat. In fact they cannot consume the whole of their rations.

"In point of fact; believing however that he spoke of me. I have not been ill at all, nor my mother either. Save that she is of course much worn with anxiety and watching."

"How much has Madame de Mellisie known of this?"

"She was cognisant of the crime George was said to have committed, and that he was in exile. She also knew, in a degree, that we were always in dread of his coming to Chandos. It was for this reason that we condemned her imprudence in bringing you here and leaving you. And you now, Anne, understand the reason why it was so objectionable to my mother to have any stranger located at Chandos; even though that stranger," he added, looking fondly down on me, "was a young and innocent girl."

"But, Mr. Chandos, if your brother—"

I stopped my words half way. There had glided into the room what I almost, at the first moment, took to be an apparition, so worn, so pale, so weary looked she. It was Lady Chandos. She wore her black robes as ever, but a large white china crape shawl was thrown over her shoulders.

"Harry, will you come up? I think it is nearly over."

"You should not have come down yourself, mother. Who is with him?"

"His wife. And Hill is supporting his shoulders: he cannot lie down now."

"You may say anything before this young lady, mother. She knows all. We have been afraid of her, shunning her as a stranger; but I having leisure on my hands, have made better acquaintance with her. She is the little girl who was at Mrs. Edwin Barley's at the time of the occurrence; you may remember that my father mentioned her. Her sympathies are with us, not with Edwin Barley."

Lady Chandos smiled a greeting upon me, and they proceeded to the west wing together. I sat on by the fire; on, on. I heard the doctor come, and hasten up stairs; and still I sat on. Madame de Mellisie was in and out, now restless in her chamber, now coming to the oak parlor. As the clock struck twelve, Mr. Chandos came down with a slow step.

"Anne, it is over."

I started up.

"Do you mean that your brother is dead?"

"Yes. Poor George is gone, with all his sins and sorrows. Let us hope that his spirit is at rest."

CHAPTER XXXI

WHAT LAY IN THE WEST WING. SIR HARRY CHANDOS.

Once more there was light for the gloomy house of Chandos. He who had been the destroyer of its tranquility and its fair name, through whom they had lived in dread for years, having—as Mrs. Penn, aptly expressed it—a sword hanging perpetually over their heads, which might fall at any minute, he, the erring George Heneage Chandos, was now no more. With him the fear and the dread were gone; almost the disgrace; there was no further need of secrecy, of retirement, of ghosts, of sleep walking; there was no longer dread of a night invasion by the police. Chandos could hold up its head now in the bright face of day. But entire peace was not to be its portion quite immediately.

Whether any in the house slept well that night, I cannot answer. I did not. It was near morning when I dropped asleep; and it was barely morning when I awoke: the hall clock was striking six. I got up and dressed. It was of no use lying there, restless. Little thought the servants, as they went about their work, of the burden, cold and stiff, that there was in the west wing.

Mr. Lake must have gone out before dawn, for, as I was drawing up my blind, I saw him come up the avenue in a great coat, his face ruddy with walking in the morning air. With him was a man in a cap, with a two-foot rule in his hand. I wondered for a moment, and then it flashed across me that the man was come to take the measure of what lay in the west wing.

I heard them come in at the principal entrance, and advance with stealthy steps up the stairs. As they paced the corridor towards the west wing, I gently opened my door to look after them. Somebody else was looking. Peeping from the east wing door, dressed, as I was, was Mrs. Penn. She stared with all her eyes at the man with the rule. We pretended not to see each other.

Five minutes, and they emerged again. Mr. Lake escorted him to the door and closed it upon him, and the man went away whistling, balancing the rule on his fingers, his coat thrown open to the morning air, like a hardy British workman, as he was. The next noise I heard was Lizzy, likewise coming up stairs. I knew her step, and heard her knock at the door of the west wing. Hill opened it.

"There'll be nothing to do here yet awhile Lizzy," said she. "My lady will be down stairs to-day, and the rooms can be left till then. You can go and help in the dairy."

Lizzy's voice sounded as if confounded at the news. "My lady down stairs?" she echoed. "What! has she got so well as that, all on a sudden?"

"She is much better, and Mr. Lake advises the change to other rooms, as likely to be beneficial," returned Hill, condescending to be more explanatory than she usually was to a servant. "Go at once into the dairy, Lizzy."

Poor Lady Chandos! I should think the change to different apartments must have been sadly needed. But twice had she been out of those rooms since she took to them, when she stealthily sought the garden for a mouthful of fresh air, to our great alarm, one of the times, when we suspected it was her spirit.

Mrs. Hill closed the door of the west wing on Lizzy, who returned along the corridor in pursuance of her orders to go to the dairy, when Mrs. Penn arrested her.

"Lizzy," said she in a covert tone, "I cannot think that you delivered that letter last night."

"Not deliver it, ma'am!" uttered Lizzy, with every appearance of surprise. "I took it right to the door, and give it to the young man. Why do you suppose I didn't, Mrs. Penn?"

"Because—because I ought to have had an answer by this time," spoke Mrs. Penn, in a hesitating voice.

"An answer at half after six in the morning," quoth Lizzy.

"Long before now. Indeed it should have come last night."

"Oh, it'll come, ma'am, in the course of the day," cried Lizzy, tripping off. "Don't be uneasy."

"Here, Lizzy, stop an instant!" Mrs. Penn called after her. "Are you sure Mr. Edwin Barley was at home?"

"Of course I ain't," returned Lizzy. "How can I be."

Mrs. Penn's cheeks turned red, and Mrs. Penn's eyes flashed fire. "You deceitful woman! you assured me positively last night that he was at home!"

"I said that the young man told me he was at home. He said he was at home and alone, I can speak positive as to that. I can't stay, ma'am, a moment longer. If Hill comes out and sees me here, she'll just pull my ears."

Away, finally, went Lizzy, deaf to all further colloquy on Mrs. Penn's part. The latter retired and closed the door of the east wing, and I proceeded to the oak parlor. But I was too early; the servants were setting it to rights; so I strolled out of doors. The doors were open this morning. I wondered whether Mr. Chandos had cognizance of it.

Scarcely had I been outside a minute, when Mrs. Penn came flying by, fastening her shawl and tying her bonnet as she ran.

"You are going abroad early," I said to her. But she flew on, without answering.

I did very much wish that Mr. Chandos could know she was gone, for there was little question that her errand was to Mr. Edwin Barley. Glancing upwards at Mr. Chandos's window, my relief was great to see him there, his eyes following Mrs. Penn. In a few minutes he came down. His face was grave, but he had a smile of tenderness for me.

"How are you, my darling?"

"Mr. Chandos—"

"Stop a moment, Anne. I broke you of calling me 'sir.' I must break you now of calling me 'Mr. Chandos.'"

My cheeks were red with blushes.

"What can I call you, then?"

"I was christened Harry. Now go on with what you were about to say."

"I fear that Mrs. Penn has gone to Mr. Edwin Barley. She was questioning Lizzy about the note, telling her she could not have delivered it, or the answer would have arrived—"

"Ay, the police officers," he interrupted. "That would have been the answer."

"And I think she must have gone to see about it. You saw how she ran off."

"Let her go, Anne, if she will. It is too late for her to do harm. Were the whole establishment of Scotland yard to make their appearance here, they would only find a dead body; and the dead are sacred. I have sent to the police on my own account this morning; Lake went for me; and expect some of them here shortly."

"What for?" I breathlessly asked.

"Ah! what for?" he repeated with a smile. "To take you into custody."

"Do not joke, Mr. Chandos." For the words seemed to bring back to me all the wretchedness of the days gone by.

"Mr. Chandos?" he cried, taking me up.

"I fear I shall call you Mr. Chandos many times, before I have quite learnt the other name. Oh!—what is this?"

Two police, mounted, as they had been that night, were riding up the avenue.

"I told you they were coming," said Mr. Chandos. "Are you ready for them?"

Instinctively I ran in, and took shelter in my own room. From the window I watched them alight, and saw the horses taken round to the stable. Presently they ascended the stairs, accompanied by Mr. Chandos, and proceeded to the east wing. I did wonder very much what had brought them.

Shall I tell you, reader? for it was not long ere I knew. They were examining Mrs. Penn's drawers and boxes: Mr. Chandos had summoned them for that purpose.

Most ample proofs of her being Charlotte Delves were found. There were letters where she was addressed by her proper name; there was a book or two in which it had been written; there were articles of wearing apparel displaying the initials. It appeared that Mrs. Chandos's maid had once seen these letters on the linen, and questioned about it, seeing they were not the initials of the name Mrs. Penn bore: but the latter turned the matter carelessly off, saying the things had been given her by a lady with whom she had lived.

As to the proofs of her having been the black sheep in Chandos House, they were more numerous than I can tell you. A bunch of skeleton keys was found, so that she had been at no fault to open boxes and desks. There were the missing letters, in short the whole plot and scheme was laid bare—Charlotte Delves had come to Chandos as the spy and agent of Edwin Barley. She had not come to rob: oh no: she had come to spy into their private affairs, their letters, their movements, anything she might pick up, hoping to obtain a clue to the dwelling place of George Chandos. The taking of the money—the false pretence of the stealing of her piece of lace, were so many ruses to induce Mr. Chandos to think this petty pilfering was the object, and to prevent his getting on the right scent. I was in her way, for she feared I might detect her as being Charlotte Delves, and she dexterously put the money in my box with the hope that it would be discovered, and I driven ignominiously away. That time when the police searched the servants' boxes, and she so officiously offered her own, she had of course removed all suspicious objects, while there was as little doubt that she had placed something in mine, and it was with a view to mine being examined, that she pressed forward hers. Of all the abstractions at Chandos, she had been the author; of all the annoyances. She had rifled her own bag and stolen her own letter, and then come carrying the news and laying the accusation before Mr. Chandos, hoping, as it had been done (according to her assertion) in my room, his suspicions would fall upon me. During her sojourn at Chandos there were two objects she had been strenuously pursuing: the one to get me from it; the other to make discoveries touching George Chandos. And she had succeeded in neither.

During the turn out of her boxes, a suspicious-looking grey cloak, with a large hood, was come upon. It caused Mr. Chandos to think of the night he was stopped in the avenue and thrown from his horse. It caused me to think (when it was afterwards told to me) of the allusion to a grey cloak I had heard in that conversation between the person in the summer house and Mr. Edwin Barley. Beyond all question that person had been Charlotte Delves.

But what could have been her motive for springing before the horse of Mr. Chandos? That it was she who had been guilty of it, there was little doubt: the account given by the gipsy of the lady's attire would prove that, in corroboration with other circumstances. It must have been done on the spur of the moment, with a view to disable Mr. Chandos and make him less active in his house, which she was about to enter, less liable to witness her manœuvres. In speaking of her this morning, Mr. Chandos said if he could find out the Mrs. Howard who gave her the recommendations at Marden, he would prosecute her for giving a false character.

She was away a full hour. And came back looking angry, calling Lizzy to her.

"Where's the letter I gave you last night?" she curtly demanded.

"Whatever's the use of asking me?" returned the undaunted Lizzy, after a faint

pause. "You must ask Mr. Edwin Barley, ma'am."

"The letter you gave in there was not my letter," proceeded Mrs. Penn.

"Not your letter!" uttered Lizzy, opening her eyes and professing the most genuine astonishment. "I don't know what you mean, ma'am."

"The letter you left at Mr. Edwin Barley's, instead of being the one I handed to you, was some rubbishing circular of the fashions. How dared you do such a thing?"

"My goodness me!" spostrophized Lizzy. "To think of that! But, Mrs. Penn, it's not possible."

"Don't talk to me about it's not being possible! You have been wilfully careless," raved Mrs. Penn. "I must have my letter produced."

"I declare to heaven that I don't know where it is, or what has become of it!" spoke Lizzy, this time with genuine earnestness—"if you say it was not it I gave in to Mr. Barley. I had a letter of fashions in my basket, I remember that; but it's odd that I could make such a mistake."

"You did make it," she angrily returned. "Where is the letter now?"

"I can't imagine. It must have been spirited away."

"If you gave in the one letter for the other, you must still have had mine in your basket. What did you do with it?"

"If you offered me a thousand pounds I couldn't tell," was Lizzy's answer. "Looking upon it as nothing but a letter of the fashions, I thought it was of no moment, else I remember opening my basket after leaving Mr. Barley's and seeing there was nothing in it. I wondered then what could have gone with the fashions. I'm sure, ma'am, I'm very sorry."

"You shall be sorry to some purpose, for—"

Mrs. Penn stopped. Hearing strange footsteps, she turned and saw two police officers descending the stairs, accompanied by Mr. Chandos. A puzzled look of wonder overspread her face. What could they be doing there? She knew that Mr. Barley had not had time to see or to send to them since her recent communication to him.

"That is the lady," spoke Mr. Chandos. And the officers advanced, one each side of her.

Mrs. Penn recoiled. "What do you want with me?" she cried, as if in some terror.

"Madam," said Mr. Chandos, "you entered my mother's house under a false name, and by means of a false recommendation. You have been calling yourself Mrs. Penn: your name is Charlotte Delves."

She gathered in her breath: something like a hunted stag.

This, of itself, would have been sufficient offence to place you within the power of the law," continued Mr. Chandos. "But you have also pursued a course of conduct here, which I can only characterize by the word iniquity. My suspicions were aroused, and I deemed it necessary to have your boxes examined, which these officers have now been doing. In them we find ample proof that *you* are the offender who has been giving so much trouble at Chandos. It is you who have picked locks, and rifled desks and boxes, and stolen money."

Charlotte Delves turned of an ashy whiteness. She put up her handkerchief to her face, as if to hide it.

"You came here as the spy of our implacable enemy, Edwin Barley: you have been in league with him: even this very hour you have been out stealthily, to carry to him tales of Chandos. What have you to answer?"

Indeed what had she to answer? Nothing.

"What excuse have you to offer?" he resumed. "Can you urge any, that I should not give you into custody?"

She looked round helplessly. But there was no one to offer her support or succor.

"I ask you if you have any palliation or excuse to offer why I should not hand you over to the law?"

"If you choose to hand me over, you must," she sullenly said, wiping the moisture from her brow. "I seem to be powerless among you. What I have done I should do again. I am of the kin of the Barleys; and, as you say, they are implacable enemies of your race. In an hour's time from this perhaps the tables will be turned."

"No, they will not be turned, in the sense you would insinuate, and for that reason I can afford to be generous," answered Mr. Chandos. "Had real harm come of this matter, I would have prosecuted you to the utmost rigor of the law. But, as it is beyond your power now, or Mr. Edwin Barley's either, to do us harm, you may go off scot free. I will not trouble myself to punish you: I wash my hands of a woman so crafty and despicable. Not another hour shall you remain at Chandos; not another meal shall you eat in it: one of these officers will accompany you up stairs, while you gather your things together; they will then escort you out of this house into that of Mr. Edwin Barley."

"I will not be escorted abroad by police officers," she passionately answered.

"You possess no choice. I have, so far, given you into their charge: and they will take care to undertake it."

She swung up the stairs, the officer close to her, darting looks of defiance at Mr. Chandos, at me, at the officers, even at Lizzy, who had remained an amazed spectator of the scene. In less than half an hour she was down again, and her luggage with her. In some strange mood of reckless defiance, she had thrown on the grey cloak, the hood drawn over her head.

"Ah," said Mr. Chandos, "you look just as you did the night you stopped me with that hallaballoo of a noise. Did you do it to frighten me, or my horse?"

She would make no answer.

They started: Charlotte Delves walking between the policemen. The luggage had been put into a truck, and that was wheeled behind her. In this fashion she was marshalled to Mr. Edwin Barley's.

But I had yet to learn, now it was proved that Miss Delves was the culprit, what had caused Lizzy's suspicious behavior. I asked her there and then.

"Ah," said she, with a sort of fling out of the hands habitual to her when annoyed or in pain, "I don't mind telling now. I was in trouble at that time."

"What do you mean, Lizzy?"

"I have got a brother, miss: as steady, well-meaning a man as you'd wish to see. He came into this neighborhood in search of work, him and his wife. Oh, but it's her that's the plague; and a fine bother he have had with her, on and off. She's as wild as wild can be: if there's a wake or a dance within ten mile, she'll be off after it: and at times she have been seen the worse for drink. Not that you'd think it, to look at her; she's a pretty, neat, jaunty young woman as can be, and never was a pleasanter when she chooses. Well, try as he would, he couldn't get work in these parts, only a odd job now and again: and you know, miss, when there's means only a going out, and nothing coming in, it don't take long for any few pounds, as may have been saved in a old stocking, to come to an end."

"That's true enough, Lizzy."

"Well, miss, what did they do when their funds was gone? Why, come to me, in course. And I helped 'em. I helped 'em till I got tired, till I could help no longer. She it was, mostly, that asked: he'd never have begged a sixpence from me, but when drove to it by sheer famine. She pestered my very life out; coming here continual; and when I wouldn't give no more money, prayed for broken victuals. 'Who's that woman that's always sneaking here after Lizzy?' the servants said. 'Who's that man that we see her with?' they'd say again. And I didn't choose to say who, for both of 'em were got seedy and shabby then. It wasn't a pleasant life for me, miss."

I thought it could not have been.

"One afternoon—the same that the accident occurred to Mr. Chandos—she had been up to the house, begging as usual. She vowed, if I would relieve her with neither money nor food, to do some damage to the family: but she had been having a drop of beer, and I paid no attention to her, and wouldn't give her anything. I may be giving forever, I said to her, and she went away, threatening. After she was gone, I kept thinking over what she had said—that she'd do some damage to the family—the words wouldn't go away from me, and I got right down frightened, lest she should put her threat in force. What if she should fire one of the haystacks, or poison the poultry?—all sorts of horrors I kept on imagining. I begged some cold meat of the cook, and collected some broken bits of bread, and off I scudded with a basket at the dusk hour. They were lodging close by, but when I got there, I found she hadn't been in. I left the bread and meat, and a pinch of tea, and was hurrying back again when I came upon you and master, him a lying down, and heard what had happened to him. Miss, as true as that we were there, I was afeard she had done it. I taxed her with it after, and she was sullen, and wouldn't say Yes nor No. I was frightened out of my senses, for fear it should come out; and I tried, to master, to lay it upon them gipsies. But when her temper came to her, she vowed and protested that she's had nothing to do with it; that she hadn't been anigh Mr. Chandos, and so she stuck it out to the very hour as they left the neighborhood again. My brother said he was sure she hadn't done it. That's the truth, miss, as I'm here living."

"And what were you doing in my room that night, Lizzy?"

"What night, miss?"

"When I surprised you, and you appeared so confused. The excuse you made was that you were looking for the ghost."

"And so I was looking for it, miss," she answered. "One of the girls had said the ghost was abroad that night, but some freak had taken Madam Hill, about that period, to have the doors and windows down stairs shut up early, and none of us could look out. In leaving my lady's rooms afterwards, I stepped into yours, but I could see nothing then under the pine trees. As I was looking, however, I caught sight of something else, a'most as bad. It were my sister-in-law, and she was a marching fierce up the little path, her hands out, by which I knowed the sort of humor she was in. I turned from the window to peit down, and there at the door I met you, miss. I dare say I did look confused, but it was at sight of *her*. I'm sure I put up a thanksgiving when they cleared off from those parts, which they did soon after. They went back to where they come from, and he have got into work again."

"Mr. Chandos appeared to have confidence in you, Lizzy."

"Miss, I'm true to the family to the backbone, and so I always will be. And they have known me a long while, has my lady and Mr. Chandos."

It was a morning of confusion altogether, but we sat down to breakfast at last. I, Mr. Chandos, and Madame de Mellisie. She chose to preside; and did so; taking scarcely any notice of me. Mr. Lake had breakfasted earlier.

"How wretched it is to have arrived just now!" she uttered. "There can be no going out in the carriage, I suppose, for the next few days."

"Ill doing is sure to bring its own punishment, Emily," Mr. Chandos said to her, in a jesting manner. "You should not have run away."

"We shall have Alfred over after me, I expect. His gastric fever will politely vanish when it is necessary that his wife should be looked up. But I am glad that I was here, Harry, after all," she added, in a changed voice, "for it enabled me to see the last of *him*."

"I am glad that he was here," observed Mr. Chandos, "for it gave him the opportunity of comforts and attendance in his illness, which he could not have procured else."

"But, Harry, what a while he stayed!"

"He was too ill to leave. And we thought the end was rapidly approaching."

"Did he come home to die?—I mean, knowing that he was about to die?"

"No. He was ill when he came, ill and weak; but he got much worse suddenly."

"What will be done about—about—the funeral?" she asked in a whisper.

"It is all arranged. Lake will manage it. I hope nothing of the affair will get about in the neighborhood; it will do no good to reap an old subject up again."

"But, Harry, there must be a—a coffin. I detest the horrid name!"

"That is all settled. The man who has the order will not talk."

"Will it be kept from the servants?"

"I expect so."

"And mamma comes down to-day! Well, it is time she did.

"It is," assented Mr. Chandos.

"For more reasons than one," tartly cried Madame de Mellisie. "Harry, now that Chandos will be looking up, and taking its share in the county galeties, which I conclude it will be doing, I think it would not be a bad plan for me to come here as its mistress. Mamma, you know, will be going back to the old Heneage homestead; she always said she should, if this crisis came, leaving you here to manage for Tom. You will want a mistress at it—and I am sick and tired of Paris."

"Many thanks, Emily; but the mistress for Chandos is already bespoken."

She turned her large blue eyes upon him, possibly wondering what he could mean, possibly about to ask, but at that moment Hickens entered with several letters, which he handed to Mr. Chandos.

"The Indian mail's in, sir," he observed, with the familiarity of a privileged servant.

"I see it is, Hickens," answered Mr. Chandos, bending his eyes on the letters.

"Any for me from Tom?" exclaimed Madame de Mellisie. "He never writes to me."

Mr. Chandos shook his head. "There's only one from Tom, and that's to me."

"But I see another Indian letter," she said. "It has a black seal."

"Not from Thomas: it is a strange handwriting. It is addressed to my mother."

Mr. Chandos had opened his brother's letter, and was deep in the contents, when Hill entered.

"Any letters for my lady, sir?"

"Two. One of them from India, tell her; but not from Sir Thomas."

Hill retreated with the letters, and Mr. Chandos resumed his reading.

"They were on the eve of action, Emily," he presently said. "Just going into it when he wrote this."

"Is it well over?"

"I hope so. But he closed this letter at once. Here is what he says in conclusion: 'I shall drop this into the post now, and if I come out of the turmoil safely, give you a second note to say so. That is if the post should not have gone: if it has, you must wait another fortnight.' Where's the evening paper?" added Mr. Chandos, seeking out a newspaper which had come with the letters and tearing it open. "News of this action ought to have come by telegraph."

"Sir," exclaimed Hill, looking in with a pale face, "my lady wishes to see you immediately."

He appeared aroused by the tone—or the looks—and went up stairs, opening the sheets of the newspaper as he did so. Hill was following him, when Madame de Mellisie called to her.

"Hill, what has happened? You look scared."

"I hardly know what has happened, ma'am. Something very sad, I fear."

Emily de Mellisie started up.

"Hill, that letter never contained bad news from India?—from Sir Thomas?"

"It has got bad news of some sort in it, for certain," was Hill's rejoinder. "My lady gave a great scream before she had read three lines, and said some confused words about her darling son Thomas. The fear upon me, ma'am, is, that he has been hurt in battle."

Worse than that! worse than that! Emily, impulsive in all she did, ran up to the west wing. We waited; I mean I and the servants; for the rumor that something was amiss soon spread to them, and they came, gathering, to the hall. The truth was brought to us by Hill with great tears upon her face—Sir Thomas Chandos was dead.

Not the false report that had once come of his death. Ah, no. He had fallen in battle, gallantly leading his men to the charge. The commander-in-chief had written to Lady Chandos with his own hand: he said how much her son was regretted—that all the officers who could be spared attended the funeral.

Full an hour passed, and the morning appeared to be growing weary, when Mr. Chandos appeared again, traces of emotion on his face. Alas! he was no longer "Mr." but Sir Harry Chandos.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

THE TELEGRAPH IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—As fast as Rosecrans moves forward he lays a telegraph which keeps him in communication with his rear and with Washington. A correspondent describes the effect of the telegraph upon the "greenest" people of that region who have never before seen such an instrument:—

Pater familias, who, no doubt, was a "secesh," was expounding the sentiments of a numerous family of low-heads, when a remark was casually dropped by one of our party about the telegraph. "Reckon you don't work that 'ar thing now, do yer?" said pater, pointing to the wire. "Why?" quoth I. "Because," said he, "we've sot up days and nights to watch it work, and *it hain't moved a hair.*" We don't attempt an explanation, but found others laboring under the same sorrowful impression. Indeed I feel justified in saying that the notion is so prevalent that the wire must move to convey intelligence, that the poor rebel devils of the country have failed to tamper with it because they consider it a failure.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS ON SLAVERY AND Emancipation as affected by War.

[As considerable interest is expressed to know exactly what were Mr. Adams's views, we give the following extract from his speech in the House of Representatives in 1842:—]

I said that, as far as I could understand the resolutions proposed by the gentleman from Ohio (Mr. Giddings), there were none of them for which I was ready to vote, and some which I must vote against; and I will now tell this House, my constituents, and the world of mankind, that the resolution against which I would have voted was that in which he declares that what are called the Slave States have the exclusive right of consultation on the subject of slavery. For that resolution I never would vote; because I believe that it is not just, and does not contain constitutional doctrine. I believe that so long as the Slave States are able to sustain their institution without going abroad, or calling upon other parts of the Union to aid them or to act on the subject, so long I will consent never to interfere.

But if they come to the Free States and say to them, you must help us to keep down our slaves, you must aid us in an insurrection—and a civil war, then I say that with that call comes a full and plenary power to this House and to the Senate over the whole subject. It is a war power. I say it is a war power; and when your country is actually in war, whether it be a war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and must carry it on according to the laws of war; and by the laws of war an invaded country has all its laws and municipal institutions swept by the board, and martial law takes the place of them. This power in Congress has perhaps never been called into exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. But when the laws of war are in force, what, I ask, is one of those laws? It is this: that when a country is invaded, and two hostile armies are set in martial array, *the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the invaded territory.*

Nor is this a mere theoretic statement.—The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Columbia, first by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly by the American General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of a military command given at the head of the army, and its abolition continues to be law to this day. It was abolished by the laws of war, and not by municipal enactments. The power was exercised by military commanders, under instructions, of course, from their respective governments. Congress is now about passing a grant to refund to Gen. Jackson the amount of a certain fine imposed upon him by a judge under the laws of the state of Louisiana. You are going to refund him the money, with interest; and this you are going to do because the imposition of the fine was unjust. And why unjust? Because Gen. Jackson was acting under the laws of war, and because the moment you place a military commander in a district which is the theatre of war, the laws of war apply to that district. I have a correspondence between Gen. Jackson and the Governor of Georgia during the Seminole campaign, in which Gen. Jackson asserts the principle that he, as Governor of a State within his (Gen. Jackson's) military division, had no right to give a military order while he (Gen. Jackson) was in the field. The Governor contested the power of Gen. Jackson, and said all he could for State rights; but Gen. Jackson had given an order, and that order was carried into effect, while the order of the Governor was suppressed. Gen. Jackson had the right of the question.

I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the pretensions of gentlemen to the sanctity of their municipal institutions, under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, whether servile, civil or foreign, are wholly unfounded; and that the laws of war do, in all such cases, take the precedence. I lay this down as the law of nations. I say that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions,—*Slavery among the rest.* Under that state of things, the fact from its being true that the States where Slavery exists have the exclusive management of the subject, *not only the President of the United States, but the commander of the army, has power to order the universal emancipation of the slaves.*

I have given more in detail a principle which I have asserted on this floor before now, and of which I have no more doubt than that you, sir, occupy that chair. I give it in the confidence that not one man any gentleman, from any part of the Union, may deny the truth of this position, if he thinks proper, and may maintain his denial, not by indignation, not by passion and fury, but by sound and sober reasoning from the laws of nations and the laws of war. If my position can be answered and refuted, I shall receive the refutation with pleasure. I shall be glad to listen to reason, aside, as I say, from indignation and passion. If, by the force of reasoning, my understanding can be convinced, I here pledge myself to recant what I have asserted.

Let my position be answered; let me be told, let my constituents be told, that the people of my State be told (a State whose soil tolerates not the foot of a slave), that they are bound by the Constitution to a long and toilsome march, under burning summer suns and a deadly Southern clime, for the suppression of a servile war. That they are bound to leave their bodies to rot upon the sands of Carolina; to leave their wives widows, and their children orphans; that those who cannot march and pass, if by the force of circumstances, while their sons and brothers are pouring out their blood, to suppress a servile war, combined with a civil or a foreign war; and yet that there exists no power (beyond the limits of the Slave State, where such war is raging) to emancipate the slaves. Let this be proved, I say. I am open to conviction; but till that conviction comes, I put it forth, not as a dictate of feeling, but as a settled maxim of the laws of nations, that in such a case the military power supersedes the civil power.

FOSTER, the alleged North Carolina Congressman, is now believed to be a political "confidence man."

IT is understood that U. S. District Attorney Smith has received instructions from the Secretaries of State and War to examine into the case of a number of the prisoners now confined at Fort Lafayette. The examination will be so conducted that innocent parties will not be detained one hour after the fact of their non-complicity with treason is established.

THE APPLE CROP.—In the scarcity of fruit in New England, it is consoling to read the following from the Rochester Union:—"Just now our market is overstocked with apples. The earlier varieties are freely offered, and sell from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per barrel, without the barrel. They are shipped to New York, and buyers here are advised that the New York market is glutted, hence there is no anxiety to purchase at current rates. We are not inclined to doubt that the crop of fall and winter apples hereabout will be good; but in some localities it will be short, and fair prices for winter fruit may be expected."

GEN. McCLELLAN.

The Washington correspondent of The London Star says that he has been introduced to Gen. McClellan, and adds:—"I do not remember to have met a more modest, unassuming, and yet self-possessed and energetic-looking man in any country I have visited. There has been a good deal of sickening adulation bestowed upon the youthful General by the press for the not very difficult work he performed in Western Virginia; but, from what I could judge of him in some twenty minutes' conversation, I for one feel confident he will justify the highest expectations formed by his fellow-countrymen and the Government. He brought to my mind the lines beginning: [illegible]

'I saw young Harry with his beaver up.'

In person he stands about five feet five inches; he is powerfully built, and his head reminded me somewhat of that of the first Napoleon. On my being introduced he looked at me with a penetrating glance—as they say here, 'right down into my boots'—and after a short conversation he said, 'I will give you a pass within my lines, but not outside. I don't think I would let Mr. Lincoln go outside my pickets.' The changes he has produced during the past fortnight are really wonderful, when we consider the terribly demoralized condition in which he found the army on his arrival. A remark of Assistant Parker's will demonstrate this. 'Before Gen. McClellan came here,' said that officer, 'we knew everything that transpired all along the line, but now we know nothing beyond our own fort;' and yet two or three thousand troops are arriving every day, and are silently placed in position. One sure proof of his ability is the extraordinary respect and positive affection he inspires in all who approach him—officers, men, and civilians alike; and his staff is composed of similar characters to himself. Like our own Havelock, he is said to be exceedingly religious, and those who acted under him in Western Virginia assure me he has a horror of bloodshed, never attacking the enemy until victory is certain."

DEEDS OF MANUMISSION.—The following is the form of the deeds of manumission (23 in number, we believe,) issued by Fremont:—

Whereas, Thomas L. Snead, of the city and county of St. Louis, state of Missouri, has been taking an active part with the enemies of the United States, in the present insurrectionary movement agains: the Government of the United States: Now, therefore, I, John Charles Fremont, Major-General commanding the Western Department of the Army of the United States, by authority of law, and the power vested in me, as such commanding General, declare Hiram Reed, heretofore held to service or labor, by Thomas L. Snead, to be free, and forever discharged from the bonds of servitude, giving him full right and authority to have, use, and control his own labor or service as to him may seem proper, without any accountability whatever to said Thomas L. Snead, or any one to claim by, through or under him.

And this Deed of Manumission shall be respected and treated by all persons, and in all Courts of Justice, as the full and complete evidence of the freedom of said Hiram Reed.

In testimony whereof, this act is done at Head-quarters of the Western Department of the Army of the United States, in the city of St. Louis, state of Missouri, on this 12th day of September, A. D., eighteen hundred and sixty-one, as is evidenced by the departmental seal he reto affixed by my order.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

Done at the office of the Provost Marshal, in the city of St. Louis, this twelfth day of September, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, at nine o'clock in the evening of said day.

Witness my hand and seal of office, hereunto affixed.

J. McKINSTRY,
Brigadier-General, Provost Marshal.

AN ENLISTMENT INCIDENT.—At Newport, Rhode Island, recently, one of the companies of the new regiment was mustered in, but several minors were rejected, because they did not produce the certificate of consent of their parents. One young man, whose mother is a widow, had enlisted and went to his mother with his certificate for her signature. But she not being willing for him to go, withheld her consent, and finally, after much persuasion, said she would agree upon one condition—that her son should thrust his finger at random through the leaves of the closed Bible, and the language of the text upon which it rested should decide her action in the matter.—He did as she requested, and his finger, where the Bible was opened, was found resting on the two following verses:

"To-morrow go ye down against them; behold, they come up by the cliff of Ziz; and ye shall find them at the end of of the brook, before the wilderness of Jerusalem.

"Ye shall not need to fight in this battle; set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord with you. O Judah and Jerusalem; fear not, nor be dismayed; to-morrow go out against them; for the Lord will be with you."

The mother read and consented.

WIGFALL BAFFLED BY A LADY.—About two years ago, a young lady, a daughter of a distinguished New England minister, now deceased, was engaged in teaching a school in South Carolina. One evening, being present at a large social party, a gentleman informed her that Col. Wigfall wished to be introduced to her. She replied, "Tell him Miss ——— declines." Soon a lady came with the same request, and received the same answer. This would have been enough to check any *ordinary* impudence, but Wigfall's was *extraordinary*, and he sent again, asking the reason of her declining. She replied, "A lady has a right to decline such a request without giving her reasons; still I have no objection in saying that I do not wish to take the hand of one who values human life so lightly." Wigfall had killed fifteen men in duels. She was rid of him for that evening, but he declared he would speak with her yet, and would make her speak with him. The next day a servant came up stairs, saying that a gentleman below wished to see her. On entering the parlor, there making a polite bow, was Col. Wigfall. "I believe I have the honor of speaking to Miss ———, Col. Wigfall." "I have not the pleasure of his acquaintance," said Miss ———, and left the room, thus defeating an attempt, the impulence of which is seldom equalled.—*Greenfield (Mass.) Gazette and Courier.*

PARSON BROWNLOW STILL TRUE.—The envelope of a letter written by Brownlow recently, was endorsed with the following words, which are worth remembering:—"Sir, and self-from one dollar to one dollar and twenty-five cents per barrel, without the barrel. They are shipped to New York, and buyers here are advised that the New York market is glutted, hence there is no anxiety to purchase at current rates. We are not inclined to doubt that the crop of fall and winter apples hereabout will be good; but in some localities it will be short, and fair prices for winter fruit may be expected."

SECRET EXPEDITIONS FOR THE SOUTHERN COAST.—There is no danger to be apprehended from the announcement at this time, that at least one expedition has sailed from Northern ports during the last few days; and is probably now on its way to the Southern coast. It is known that a number of steamers have lately left this port and that one or two regiments have mysteriously disappeared. We learn that the true object of Gen. Butler's visit to New England was to superintend a similar embarkation, possibly from Boston, and which may also by this time be on the high seas to co-operate with that from this city. To what extent the squadron lying off Fortress Monroe may take part in it, we are not prepared to say at present. It is sufficient to state that our public servants were never more actively engaged than they have been of late, and that Gen. Butler never acted more adroitly than on the occasion of his recent visit "to look after domestic affairs that required his immediate presence." The operations which he received on his way home were not designed as tributes to overweening vanity, but concealed a piece of genuine Yankee management. May we soon hear from this gallant son of Massachusetts.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, 17th inst.*

THE MOVEMENTS OF TROOPS.—The New York papers are in error in their belief that there exists danger that the 500,000 men called for under the three years volunteer law will not be forthcoming under its provisions. On the contrary, volunteering has never gone on more satisfactory than within the past fortnight in all quarters of the loyal states; and since Monday morning last, more Union troops have been in motion on the way to the field than ever before in the same time—indeed twice as many. To-day, especially, the number in motion to join the different Union columns is enormous. Within the week ending on Saturday evening next it will be safe to say the aggregate of at least thirty-five thousand troops will have joined the different columns of the Union armies in the field. We do not feel at liberty to state where precisely.—*Washington Evening Star.*

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The foreign news has imparted a better feeling to the market, and holders of Flour have realized an advance of fully 25c ₱ bbl, with sales of some 15,000 bbls to note, chiefly for shipment, at $4@4.25 for common western superfine; $4.50@5 for good do; $4.62½@4.75 for extra do; $4.75@5.00 for western and Penna extra, and $5@5.75 for family, as in quality, the latter for selected western, including some choice Penna family do, part private and part at $6,25; 500 bbls choice Diamond Mills at $7.25; 500 bbls middlings chiefly at $3. Rye Flour is selling in lots as wanted at $2,75@3 ₱ bbl—the latter for better brands. Corn Meal is but little inquired for, and Penna Meal is held at $2,81¼ ₱ bbl. A sale of 200 bbls Brandywine was made on terms kept private.

GRAIN—The receipts and sales of wheat have been very large, and the market active, both for shipment and milling, at an advance of 2@3c ₱ bus. The sales reach over 60,000 bus, mostly for export, at $1,10@1,20 for common to good and choice Western and Pennsylvania reds, in store and from 75c@$1,10@1,20 for Southern do, and $1,25@1,35 for common to choice white—the latter for Kentucky—including inferior and damp reds from 75c@$1,10@1,20 for Southern do, and $1,25@1,35 for common to choice white—the latter for Kentucky—including inferior and damp reds from 75c@$1,10@1,20 for Southern do, and $1,25@1,35 for common to choice white, as in quality. Corn is better, and about 25,000 bus found buyers at 54@55c for yellow, and 60c for white, mostly of the former, which left off at the highest figures afloat. Oats have been in request, with free receipts and sales of 8,000 bus at 30c for Southern, sold at 29c in the cars, and 30@31c for prime lots afloat, chiefly at 30c, including new Penna at 30@31c, and old do at 33@35c. Barley and Barley Malt are very much nearer, the sales generally being too small to establish quotations.

PROVISIONS—The advices from the West imparted a little more firmness to holders, but the market continues unsettled and dull. Mess Pork is offered at $14,50, and city Mess Beef at $15@15,50 ₱ bbl, without sales. Of Bacon the sales are confined to Hams, at 8@9c ₱ lb, the latter for fancy cured. Green Meats are not much inquired for, and nearly nominal at quotations: Sales of about 70,000 salted Shoulders are reported at 4½@4½c, and Sides at 6¼c. Lard is steady, and 300 tcs sold at 9¼c; kegs are held at 9¼@9½c. Of Tallow 60 bbls for prime to choice, mostly of the former, which left off at the highest figures afloat. Oats have been in request, with free receipts and sales of 8,000 bus at 30c for Southern, sold at 29c in the cars, and 30@31c for prime lots afloat, chiefly at 30c, including new Penna at 30@31c, and old do at 33@35c. Barley and Barley Malt are very much nearer, the sales generally being too small to establish quotations.

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COTTON—The demand for this staple is very small. Sales include a few small lots only within the range of 17½@23c for ordinary to middling and good middling quality, cash.

ASHES are quiet, and a small business to note in both Pots and Pearls.

BARK is dull, and Quercitron is worth $26 ₱ ton. Tanners' Bark is selling on arrival at $10 for Spanish and $8 ₱ cord for Chestnut Oak.

BEESWAX—The demand is limited, and good yellow scarce at 31@32c ₱ lb.

COAL—The demand for shipment has fallen off, and 7,000 tons sold to-day, but dull at previous quotations. For home use there is a fair business to note, without change in prices.

COFFEE is firm and on the advance, and sales of 1,000 bags Rio, at from 13½ to 15c, chiefly at 14@14½c, including some Laguayra at 16½@17¼c, and 300 bags St Domingo at 15c, all on the usual credit.

COPPER is quiet and prices the same. Of Yellow Metal the sales are at 18c ₱ lb, 6 mos.

FRUIT meets with a steady demand at from $1 to 2,50 ₱ bbl for Peaches and $1@3 ₱ bbl for green Apples, and the former rather scarce. In dried Fruit there is more doing, and Apples are selling freely at 2½@3c ₱ lb, as in quality. Unpared Peaches are worth 6@7c ₱ lb.

HAY—The market was better supplied, and good Timothy sold at $20 ₱ ton.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS are steady, and good quality move off freely at 20c for old and 25c for new crop.

IRON—The market is quiet. There is some Inquiry for Pig Metal, and the sales are mostly in small lots, without change in quotations. In Scotch Pig we hear of nothing doing. Manufactured Iron is also quiet, and prices about the same.

LEAD continues on the advance, and 1000 pigs Galena sold at 4½ the 100 ℔s.

LUMBER is dull and depressed, with a small business doing in white and yellow Pine Boards, and Laths at about previous rates.

MOLASSES is scarce, and on the advance, with a reduced stock to operate in. A cargo of Clayed Cuba sold at 36c, and some Porto Rico from the wharf at 40c, usual credit.

PLASTER comes in slowly, and soft readily commands $3,25 ₱ ton.

RICE—There is a limited stock here, and the market is firmer, with 6¼@6¾c ₱ lb.

SALT—About 20,000 bus Turks Island have been disposed of on terms kept private, and the market is firm.

SEEDS—Clover seed comes in slowly and meets with a moderate demand at $4 7½@5 ₱ bus, the latter for prime new crop. Timothy is arriving and selling freely at $2@2,25 ₱ bus, as in quality, the latter for prime new Penna. Flax seed is also more abundant, and sales are making at about $1,40 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin continue about as last quoted, and firm. N E Rum is better, prices ranging at 30c@32c. Whiskey is also better and selling more freely at 18½@19c, the latter for prime Ohio bbls, and Drudge at 17½@18c. Hhds are scarce.

SUGAR—The want of stock and the firmness of holders has limited operations to some 600 hhds, mostly Cuba, within the range of 7¼@8¼c, on time; 5000 bags Brazil sold on terms kept private.

TALLOW is scarce and in request, with sales of city at 8½@8¾c, now held higher, and country at 7¾@8c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO continues firm but quiet.

WOOL—The market continues active and on the advance, with further sales of common and medium quality at 40@45c net. Fine Fleece is more inquired for and ranges at 50@60c ₱ lb.

NEWS ITEMS.

SILKWORMS.—Sick silkworms have been treated by electricity with great success. It restores them promptly to health, and produces very large and fine cocoons.

KNAPSACKS.—It is proposed to equip some of the New York regiments with the French knapsack, made of ox-hide tanned with the hair on, which effectually keeps out the water. This style of knapsack was used by our continental troops.

THE long range Enfield guns, says a Richmond (Va.) paper, with which the skirmishing companies of the Union men are supplied, give them a great advantage over our pickets, and yesterday a Tennessean was shot through the head at the distance of half a mile, and instantly killed!

A MODERN French writer says that "the art of handling soldiers, whilst making them move in groups—that art in which Turenne excelled—seems to be lost. Throwing masses —infantry, cavalry, artillery—such, in his latter years, was Napoleon's whole art. At Waterloo he employed no other method; when the Prussians arrived, *the hammer was broken on the anvil*. The effect of those monstrous shocks—whose secret reduces itself to a mechanical formula, mass multiplied by velocity—is horrible."

SIX hundred thousand pairs of sewed shoes are being made up in Massachusetts, for which Uncle Sam will pay considerably over a million of dollars. A low average of the amount paid for work, bottoming, fitting, &c., would be 60 cents a pair, equal to $360,000 distributed among the journeymen in the state for making the shoes. This is exclusive of the large amount of both sewed and pegged work for the state, as well as of cavalry boots, which will not fall short of one-half the above amount, or $180,000.

IT is said that the pay of Rufus Andrews, surveyor of the port of New York, this year, in consequence of the enormous avalanche of confiscations, will be little less than a million dollars.

THE Republican Central Club in New York city, have passed resolutions *unanimously* approving of President's Proclamation.

A NEGRO BATTALION.—The *Memphis* (Tennessee) *Avalanche* of the 3rd, says:—"A procession of several hundred stout negro men, members of the 'domestic institution,' marched through our streets yesterday in military order, under command of Confederate officers. They were all armed and equipped with shovels, axes, blankets, &c. A merrier set never was seen. They were brimfull of patriotism, shouting for Jeff. Davis, and singing war songs, and each looked as if he only wanted the privilege of shooting an Abolitionist."

THEY have a story in Chicago about a drunken Captain who met a private of his company in the same condition. The Captain ordered him to 'halt," and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet and to talk with dignified severity, exclaimed: "Private Sunday, I'll give you t'i'hie) four o'clock to gissoberin." "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you'r (hic) — sight drunkerniam I'll give you t'i five o'clock to gissoberin."

GARIBALDI.—One of Garibaldi's officers authoritatively writes: "Repeated endeavors have been made to induce Garibaldi to go to North America, to aid in defending the Union. You can *positively contradict* those who assert that he will go there. *He will not go.*" [Then follow some allusions to the condition of European affairs, as restraining his departure, after which the letter continues]—"Beside this, even if Italy, Hungary and Poland were in the most flourishing state of independence and liberty, he would take no part in that struggle so long as the North failed to declare, formally, solemnly and irrevocably, that it would not lay down its arms until slavery should be destroyed to its last vestige."

THE Louisville Courier has been excluded from the mails by the Government on account of its treasonable articles.

IT is ascertained at the Department of State, that hereafter communications between the British government and its Consuls, in the ports of insurrectionary states, will, with the consent of our government, be carried on by means of British vessels of war. This course will obviate the embarrassments which has hitherto attended those communications through other channels.

THOUGH not officially stated, it is beyond question that the Cabinet at Washington has been for several days discussing the charges made against General Fremont. The visit of Gen. Meigs and Postmaster General Blair to St. Louis was to investigate into the exactness of some charges affecting the management of that military department, and their report is before the Cabinet. Some fear that political jealousies, on the part of old Republican politicians, are at the bottom of the difficulty.

BRACKEN'S Indiana Cavalry surrounded sixty rebels at Lendington, Western Virginia, on the 19th inst., and captured the whole of them.

READY TO MARCH.—The Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, and Fiftieth regiments of Pennsylvania state troops are now organized, armed and fully equipped for active service, at Camp Curtain, where they are awaiting means of transportation.

THE *Lancaster* (*Penn.*) *Express* publishes an authoritative contradiction of Bayard Taylor's statement in relation to ex-President Buchanan sending a portrait of Miss Lane to the "Almanach de Gotha." There are reasons for believing that the publisher of the Almanach has been hoaxed by a German artist recently travelling through this country. There is no other foundation for the story whatever.

A RECENT order, issued by Gen. McClellan, declares that firing on an enemy's pickets is contrary to the usages of civilized warfare. He therefore orders that there shall be no firing on their pickets, unless it becomes necessary to resist their advance, or in return of a fire commenced by them.

PROFESSOR China we learn, that the United States steamer *Saginaw* was fired on from a Government fort, quite unexpectedly, while cruising along the coast from Hong Kong in search of the missing vessel *Myrtle*. The *Saginaw*, after a time, threw shot and shell into the fort, and, it was thought, exploded the magazine, when she returned to Hong Kong.

EX-GOVERNOR Charles Moorhead, of Kentucky, and the editors of the Louisville Courier, have been arrested and sent to Fort Lafayette.

THE following persons have been released from Fort Lafayette: Benjamin F. Corlies, of Brooklyn; Mr. Eggleston, of Washington; Uriah H. Harold and J. C. Rahming. Mr. Johnson, of Philadelphia; and Lewis D. Bebian, of Wilmington, North Carolina, were released on parole on account of ill health. Mr. Corlies, of Brooklyn, was released upon the production of evidence showing that he had no complicity with the rebels at all, and that his arrest had no warrant in fact.

IT is reported that 11,000 rebels have taken possession of Mayfield, Ky., and are fortifying the place. They are also at Bowling Green.

GEN. POPE has arrested Gen. Hurlbut and Col. Williams for drunkenness and misconduct. Pope would have captured Green's rebels but for the drunken delay and blundering of Hurlbut and Williams. General Pope has also arrested Lieut. Col. Blair, of the Kansas troops, for mutinous conduct in threatening to withdraw his command at Shelbina, if Col. Williams persisted in fighting when attacked at that place by Green.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of S. DEXTER & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE REBEL PROJECT.—Among the papers found upon the arrested members of the Maryland Legislature were one or more which prove that there was a perfect understanding between the Rebel commanders and the Maryland traitors. In pursuance of this understanding, an attack was to be made upon the capital on Sunday last, by the main body of the Rebels under Beauregard, while Johnston crossed the Potomac at Corn's Ford with a column of 60,000 men, and Magruder opened all the batteries along the Potomac, closing that river completely. Johnston's army was to march to Rockville, which is only thirteen miles from Prospect Hill, where they were to be joined by the Rebels of Maryland, armed with those concealed weapons which have up to this time, eluded all efforts to find them. The signal for the rebels to rise and flock to Rockville was to be made by red and blue rockets, sent up the night before the crossing of the Potomac. Whether Johnston was then to move on Baltimore or Washington, was to be determined by the course of events. If there were no fears about Beauregard's success at Washington (and it was supposed that that General would succeed in taking the city), Johnston was to march through Maryland and "liberate" Baltimore.

IMPORTANT TO THE FAMILIES OF SOLDIERS—ASSIGNMENT OF PAY.—The War Department has issued an order to carry into effect the law of Congress, by which soldiers may assign portions of their pay for the benefit of their families.

The assignment is to be entered on a separate roll, according to a prescribed form, under the supervision of their immediate commands at the time of enlistment. The roll is to be transmitted to the Paymaster General, who will make the deductions on each payroll, and the paymaster of the regiment will transmit the money for distribution to those in whose favor the assignment is executed.

ARMY ORDERS.—An order has been issued from the War Department, directing that the Military Department of Ohio will in future consist of Ohio, Indiana and that same, Indiana and so much of Kentucky as lies within fifteen miles of Cincinnati, and be under the command of Brigadier General Mitchell, of the U. S. Volunteers; the headquarters of the said Department to be located at Cincinnati.

SO much of Virginia as lies west of the Blue Ridge mountains will constitute, in future, a separate command, to be called the Department of Western Virginia, under the command of Brigadier General Rosecrans; headquarters in the field.

NEIGHBORLY.—The Richmond Enquirer of the 2d inst., gloats over the murder of Union men in North-Western Virginia. It says of the "Union residents:"

"The most of them have packed up, ready to leave for Yankeedom at the shortest possible notice. In Brighton county every tory has been shot by his *neighbor*, and in several counties the citizens devoted to the Confederate cause are doing good service in the same manner."

Observe that it is "doing good service" for a secessionist to shoot his neighbor who is a Union man.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

GENERAL FREMONT is loud in his praises of Indiana; he says that Indiana is the most prompt of any state in the Union; all that he has to do is to telegraph to Indianapolis, and in twenty-four hours the men, or what he wants, are at St. Louis. The United States officers who have examined the accounts of most of the states, say that Indiana has managed her affairs more economically, and with more credit to herself, than any state in the Union.

THE New York Fire Zouaves, having been found utterly useless and unmanageable, are ordered to be disbanded.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1189 head. Prices varying from 7 to 8½c ₱ lb. 50 Cows were sold at from $25 to 40 ₱ head. 5000 head of Sheep were disposed of at from 4½.00 to 7.00 ₱ cwt. net.—600 Hogs brought from $5.00 to 5.25 ₱ cwt. net.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen Mr. DANIEL BRUCE, of Washington, D. C. to Miss GEORGIANA STEWART, of this city.

On the 18th instant, by Bishop Odenheimer, WILLIAM G. GIBBONS, of Wilmington, Del. to LOUISA E. daughter of the late Dr. Henry E. Gelzo, of Charleston, S. C.

In Newport, R. I., Aug. 27th, by the Rev. Dr. Thayer, OTIS K. A. HUTCHINSON, Esq. of Chicago, to CATHERINE BOWEN, daughter of the late Hon. George Engs, of Newport.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Rich. Newton, D. D., EDMUND WRIGHT, to PRISCILLA A. LYNCH, both of the city.

On the 16th instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. LEWIS HARMAN, to Miss MARY B. SHUMAN.

On the 19th ultimo, by the Rev. E. W. Hutter, Mr. JOHN MARKS, to Miss ELIZABETH B. WALTERS, both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, CHARLES W. HOLLINSHEAD, to S. JANNEY PAUL, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 17th instant, HENRY BERGHAUSER, in his 39th year.

On the evening of the 16th instant, EMMOR K. MASSEY, aged 36 years.

On second-day, the 16th instant, PHEBE PEGIVAL, in her 75th year.

On Wednesday morning, the 18th instant, JOHN RUMSEY, aged 62 years.

At Delanco, N. J. on the 14th instant, ADAM TURNBULL, aged 69 years.

On Sept. 16th, 1861, RICHARD ASHURST, in his 78th year.

On the 15th instant, THOMAS M. HAMPTON, in his 30th year.

On the 17th instant, Mrs. MARY BLACK, wife of Jos. Black, in her 30th year.

On the morning of the 16th instant, SUE H. LEWIS, in her 30th year.

On the 15th instant, Mrs. CATHARINE ELLIS, in her 72d year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ABRAHAMS, wife of Ransom Abrahams, in her 30th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH ANDREWS, in her 56th year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, September 21, 1861.

Alabama	— dis.	Missouri	15 dis.
Connecticut	— dis.	New England	— dis.
Delaware	— dis.	New York City	par dis.
Dist. of Columbia	— dis.	Country	par to ¼ dis.
Florida	— dis.	New York State	¼ dis.
Georgia	— dis.	New Jersey	¼ dis.
Illinois	20 to 75 dis.	North Carolina	1 dis.
Indiana	1 dis.	Ohio	1 dis.
Iowa	— dis.	Pennsylvania par to	¼ dis.
Kansas	— dis.	Rhode Island	— dis.
Kentucky	25 dis.	South Carolina	10 dis.
Louisiana	50 dis.	Tennessee	10 dis.
Maine	— dis.	Texas	50 dis.
Maryland	1 to 5 dis.	Virginia	10 dis.
Massachusetts	— dis.	Vermont	1 dis.
Michigan	1 dis.	Wisconsin	1 dis.
Minnesota	— dis.	Wisconsin	20 to 75 dis.
Mississippi	—		

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For DYSPEPSIA, these Pills are really an invaluable article, gradually changing the vitiated secretions of the Stomach and Liver, and producing healthy action in those important organs. In cases of long standing, a cure will be more speedily effected by using in conjunction with the Pills, either of JAYNE'S ALTERATIVE or TONIC VERMIFUGE, according to directions.

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"THEY GO RIGHT TO THE SPOT."

INSTANT RELIEF! STOP YOUR COUGH!

PURIFY YOUR BREATH!

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SPALDING'S

THROAT CONFECTIONS,

ARE

GOOD FOR CLERGYMEN,
GOOD FOR LECTURERS,
GOOD FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS,
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GENTLEMEN CARRY

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They relieve a Cough instantly.
They clear the Throat.
They give strength and volume to the Voice.
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They are made of simple herbs and cannot harm any one.

I advise every one who has a Cough or a Husky Voice or a Bad Breath, or any difficulty of the Throat, to get a package of my Throat Confections, they will relieve you instantly, and you will agree with me that "they go right to the spot." You will find them very useful and pleasant while travelling or attending public meeting for stilling your Cough or allaying your thirst. If you try one package I am safe in saying that you will ever afterwards consider them indispensable. You will find them at the Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

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CURE

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ALL KINDS

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HEADACHE.

By the use of these Pills the periodic attacks of *Nervous or Sick Headache* may be prevented; and if taken at the commencement of an attack immediate relief from pain and sickness will be obtained.

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They act gently upon the bowels,—removing *Costiveness.*

For *Literary Men, Students*, Delicate Females, and all persons of *sedentary habits*, they are valuable as a *Laxative*, improving the *appetite*, giving *tone* and *vigor* to the digestive organs, and restoring the natural elasticity and strength of the whole system.

The CEPHALIC PILLS are the result of long investigation and carefully conducted experiments, having been in use many years, during which time they have prevented and relieved a vast amount of pain and suffering from Headache, whether originating in the *nervous* system or from a deranged state of the *stomach.*

They are entirely vegetable in their composition, and may be taken at all times with perfect *safety*, without making any change of diet, *and the absence of any disagreeable taste renders it easy to administer them to children.*

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The genuine have five signatures of Henry C Spalding on each Box.

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Accidents will happen, even in well regulated families, it is very desirable to have some cheap and convenient way for repairing Furniture, Toys, Crockery, &c.

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meets all such emergencies, and no household can afford to be without it. It is always ready, and up to the sticking point.

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As certain unprincipled persons are attempting to palm off on the unsuspecting public, imitations of my PREPARED GLUE, I would caution all persons to examine before purchasing, and see that the full name

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Homes for the Industrious!

IN THE

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.

THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS & WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them, by proper economy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement to the settler as the State of Illinois. There is no section of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

Of the State lies within the zone of the Cotton region, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of Tobacco and Hemp, and the Wheat is worth from 15 to 20 cts. more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated without much wasteful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving in Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable waters, by which the products of Illinois find communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the wealth of the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanic can flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow in nearly day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and development of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing employments.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railroad system of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the interest on a portion of these works, with from one-fifth to one-sixth of the whole purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each year, for five years, so that the end of five years one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

TWENTY PER CENT. WILL BE DEDUCTED from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices, and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

For the names of the Towns, Villages, and Cities situated upon the Illinois Cent. R. R., see pages 188, 189 & 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population, 905,028 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,722,003, a ratio of 105 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural Products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products are not during the past year estimated below 1,200,000 bushels. The annual crop of 1860 approaches 30,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 60,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the Company have sold 1,200,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every reasonable assistance an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed through their lands a distance of 250 miles, 500. In 1850 the population of fifty-nine counties, through which it passes, was only 851,470 since which 479, 203 have been added; making the whole population 851, 891, a gain of 140 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 9,000,000 bushels of grain, and 150,000 barrels of flour were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse, and grow up with the conviction that they are equals in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands are from $5 to $10 per acre, according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 to $12 per acre; and the road is now expending about $2,000,000 in cash, purchased with wood land in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

ONE YEAR'S INTEREST IN ADVANCE,

at six per cent. per annum, and six interest notes at six per cent., payable respectively one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale; and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract binding the purchaser, that each of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated,

R. DOLLARD,
613 Chestnut Street,
Philadelphia,
PREMIER ARTISTE
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Manufacturer to the Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	2.—Over forehead as far as required.
3.—From ear to ear over the top.	3.—Over the crown of the head.
4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention. nov6-cowly

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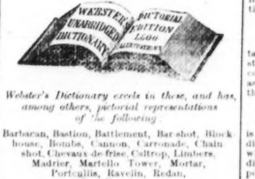
UNABRIDGED DICTIONARY.

NEW PICTORIAL EDITION.

Pictorial Illustrations of Military Terms.



Webster's Dictionary excels in these, and has, among others, pictorial representations of the following

Barbican, Bastion, Battlement, Bar-shot, Block house, Bombs, Cannon, Carronade, Chain shot, Chevaux de frise, Caltrop, Limbers, Madrier, Martello Tower, Mortar, Portcullis, Rauvelin, Redan, Sabot.

No other English Dictionary published in this country has a fourth part of these.

SO ALSO ITS

Definitions of Military Terms.

As, the foregoing, and Abatis, Ambulance, Ambuscade, Armistice, Banquette, Bivouac, Brevet, Caisson, Caliber, Canister shot, Cantonment, Capeniere, Casemate, Cartel, Chain shot, Chamade, Commissary, Commissariat, Countercarp, Chef de battaillon, Cul de Sac, Dahlgren gun, Minie rifle, &c., &c.

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Agent for Manufacturer,
No. 321 N Second St., Philada.

N. B.—A well selected stock of Coal Oil Lamps at prices defying competition; also Portland Kerosene and other Coal Oils by the barrel or less quantity aug31-5t

HAVE YOU A COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. Do not allow your cold to take its own course. Two thirds of the victims of Consumption owe their afflictions to the fatal mistake of "waiting for a cough to get well of itself." Do not fall into this error but at once help yourself at once of a remedy which twenty five years' experience has demonstrated is certain to procure a speedy cure.

HAVE YOU ASTHMA or PHTHISIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT, which will overcome the spasmodic contraction of the mucous membrane, and cause the discharge of the mucous or matter which clogs them up, and by an easy and free expectoration, remove all difficulty of breathing.

HAVE YOU BRONCHITIS?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. This wide-spread disease, which may be generally described as an inflammation of the fine skin which lines the inside of the wind tubes or air vessels, spreading through every part of the lungs, is often mistaken for consumption. The Expectorant subdues this inflammation, relieves the attending cough, pain, and difficulty of breathing, and, if the case is not of too long standing, will certainly produce a cure.

HAVE YOU CONSUMPTION?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. It cleanses the lungs from all irritating matters, while at the same time, it heals and invigorates them. Of all the remedies which have been offered the public for this dread disease, none have stood the test of time, or maintained so universal a popularity, as this Expectorant. Thousands who have been given up by their physicians as incurable, have restored to health and strength by its use, and their testimony must carry conviction to all who read it.

HAVE YOU PLEURISY?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. By taking two or three large doses in the early stages of the disease, in quick succession, and covering up warm in bed, this painful affection acts as a sudorific or sweating medicine, and subdues the inflammation at the outset.

HAVE YOU WHOOPING COUGH?

Then use JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT. There is no remedy which so effectually overcomes this disease as the Expectorant. What parent can witness the sufferings of her children from this distressing complaint, without doing all in her power for their relief? What medicine so pleasant to take, or so certain to produce immediate benefit? Give it a trial, then, and let it prove its efficacy.

HAVE YOU CROUP?

Then use JAYNES EXPECTORANT. Children are subject to no disease more sudden in its attacks, or, in the absence of prompt relief, more near fatal in its results, than Croup. Parents, therefore, should keep at hand a remedy sure and thorough. Such a remedy may be found in the Expectorant, and every careful mother will keep a supply by her.

JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

Is a standard medicine. For twenty-five years it has been before the public, and during this period its curative powers have been testified to by all classes of people in all quarters of the world. Physicians, clergymen, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, have experienced its remedial effects, and have furnished us with their testimony, and it may be found at length in our Almanac. To their convincing certificates we would refer the doubting.

This EXPECTORANT and all of *Dr. Jayne's Sons's Family Medicines*, are prepared only by DR. D JAYNE & SON, 242 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and may be had of Agents throughout the country. sep7-4t

AGENTS WANTED in different parts of the country, to sell Lithographic Portraits of distinguished officers in the United States Army. Address A. WINCH,
320 Chestnut St., Philada.
sep14-4t

Wit and Humor.

ANECDOTES.

From Joliet, Illinois, a contributor sends the following incident, which, he says, occurred in that city a short time since :—

The Twentieth Illinois regiment was stationed near our city for several weeks. Captain B——, a real good fellow, and sheriff of Kankakee county, became impressed with the idea that he was unpopular with his company, which occasioned him to take a glass or two too much, and to express, in pretty strong language, the many troubles and grievances with which he had been afflicted. A good deacon of our place induced him to come into his store, and endeavored to persuade him that his suspicions in regard to his unpopularity were unfounded, and that he should bear his troubles like a man. The Captain drew himself up, and said, "Deacon, you are a good deal of a Bible man, and probably are acquainted with old Job. Now, I don't say but what he had a pretty hard time, and that they spread the *boils* on him mighty thick; but still you see he never commanded a company of Illinois volunteers."

To judge from the letters that find their way into the newspapers occasionally, we are disposed to believe the Illinois Captain's experience is not peculiar.

An amusing incident recently occurred at a theatre in a neighboring city, which illustrated the depreciation of Western Virginia currency better than the detectors. A company of volunteers from our town, on their way to the seat of war, stopped in the city of P——— to be equipped, and some of the boys spent the evening at the theatre. The heroine of the play is desperately in love with a poor young gentleman, but her wealthy father is violently opposed to the match. In the last act, however, the "cruel parient" relents, gives his consent to the marriage, and presents his daughter with a large sum of money. The scene was highly exciting, and the audience was breathlessly silent, when, just as the old gentleman hands his daughter the roll of notes, one of the soldiers (who had a V which he could not pass,) exclaimed: "Look'ee here, old fellow, if that's Wheeling money, it ain't worth a cent!"

In a neighborhood near Cincinnati some Irish laborers were cutting a new road toward Walnut Hills, that was a greatly-desired improvement; and we were impatient for it to be done—so anxious that, before it was even safe to pass it, some adventurous travellers, at considerable risk, drove over it. One afternoon I risked it, anxious to show a friend, whom I was driving out, the improvement. In the worst part one of the laborers was wheeling earth. As a passing, pleasant remark, I said, "Hallos, Pat! when are you going to have this elegant road done?" "Arrah!" said he, "how did you know my name was Pat?" "I did not know; I only guessed it!" "By me soul, it's yerself that's good at guessing, for, faith! that same is me name. And since ye are so good at guessing, ye may jist guess when the road'll be done!" I drove rapidly on. I had *read* just such an answer before, but this was the first time I had *heard* it.

The ignorance of American geography, manifested by even intelligent and educated people in Europe, has often been the subject of remark with us. Mr. W———, a resident of Baltimore, was called upon some time since by a gentleman, bringing a letter of introduction from an intimate European friend, who was a very intelligent and wealthy banker in the city of H———, who prided himself on his knowledge of America, and who was received as the accredited authority on American affairs. Mr. V———, whom he wished thus to introduce, was seeking to invest a portion of his capital in this country. The letter of introduction stating this fact, bespoke for Mr. V——— Mr. W———'s advice and co-operation in judicious investments. Stating the banker's knowledge of Mr. W———'s qualifications, it asked his friendly offices, and requested Mr. W——— to devote his afternoons to Mr. V———, to drive him round in his carriage, and show him the most desirable locations near Baltimor, *Milwaikie*, and other towns in *that vicinity*.—*Harper's Monthly.*

A Harrowing Scene.—"Good morning, Noggs; why, what makes you look so pale—are you ill?"

"Well, yes, I have been rather indisposed for a few days past. But I witnessed a harrowing scene this morning."

"How, what, where?" inquires the sympathetic Scroggs.

"Two men and four horses—"

"What! killed? How? Do relieve my suspense," exclaims the excitable Scroggs, impatient to make the round of his acquaintance and communicate the horrible intelligence.

"Killed? No, who said anything about killing?" replied Noggs.

"What?" responded Scroggs, "didn't you speak of a harrowing scene, and two men and four horses— ?"

"To be sure I did; I saw them harrowing in old Gilman's ninety acre lot, as I was coming down High street," was the reply.

"Go to thunder!" was the rejoinder of the disappointed Scroggs. "I suppose you feel better now."

By the smile that irradiated the sick man's face, we rather think he did.

☞ A Wife Crop.—A Missouri paper informs its readers that the "wife crop of Gasconade county, in 1860, was 25,000 gals." The next paper corrected the error by putting "wine" in the place of wife.

☞ Stirring the Fire.—A modern philosopher says, "to stir the fire perfectly, requires the touch of a sculptor, the eye of an architect, and the wrist of a dentist."

Hard on the Dentist.—A dentist writes the following story:—"A fellow came to me the other day, wanting to have some cavities in his teeth filled up. I examined them carefully, and told him that I did not see any cavities; but I must needs look again, for he was confident that there were several. But I again told him that I could find none, and he went away. A week or two after I met him, and asked him about those teeth.

"'Oh,' said he, 'what's-his-name over here filled them for me; he found four holes—pretty large ones, too. I knew they were there.'

"'Ah,' said I, 'I looked very carefully, and did not see any.'

"'Well,' was the reply, 'he didn't find 'em till after he'd drilled a spell!'"

ROGUES AND IMPOSTORS IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

This pleasant little sketch is from an English literary journal:—

"Waterton has vindicated the reputations of certain aspersed animals, and set their characters right with the world. He has shown that the sloth is an active creature in its way; that the goat-sucker is no thief, but the devourer of the insects that tease the goat; that the woodpecker preys upon the worms that eat into the trees. But the error does not at all lie on the side of defamation, and as some creatures have a bad name which they do not deserve, so others have a good name no less unmerited. The lion, for instance, is a poltroon, that only exercises his mighty strength under the stimulus of hunger. The seat of his courage is his empty belly. The dog we praise for his fidelity and sagacity, overlooking his matchless bravery, which should make him the type of courage instead of the lion.

"In the animal kingdom detectives are at work making their discoveries and exposing hypocrites and impostors. Among those who would have suspected the bee to have a very prominent place? What creature has enjoyed a higher reputation than the bee in all ages? He has been the type of honest industry, and mankind has been exhorted to take pattern by him.

"It turns out that this much extolled busy bee is an arrant thief when he has the opportunity, and that he only labors honestly when he cannot steal wholesale. A broom-seller asked a brother of the trade to tell him frankly, how he contrived to undersell him, for, said he, I will not dignise from you that I steal all the materials of my brooms. Ah, replied the other, but I know a trick better than yours, for I steal my brooms ready made, and can therefore ask a lower price for them.

"The bee is like the broom-seller whenever the opportunity offers. He steals his sugar ready made. The Entomological Gazette of Stettin gives the following curious account of the bee's offences against property:

"The extensive meadows on the banks of the Oder naturally induced many farmers to keep bees; but these *wise insects* seem to prefer obtaining their honey with as little trouble as possible, and have for years past been in the habit of frequenting two sugar refineries at no great distance. Under such favorable circumstances the yield of honey was very great, and the farmers came at last to keep ten or even twenty times more hives than formerly. The sugar refiners, however, after long finding the bees very troublesome, made the discovery that they were not only very annoying, but rather expensive visitors, and, accordingly, adopted means to destroy them. This was effected by suddenly closing all the doors and shutters, and then opening one small window, to which the bees immediately flew, and were killed by thousands by a jet of boiling water. The dead bees were afterwards thrown into the boilers to extract the sugar they had appropriated. It has been estimated that as many as 11,000,000 have been thus destroyed in a year, and that about 1,200£ worth of sugar had been extracted from them. It is a remarkable fact that the bees would never touch beet root sugar till refined, owing to the pungent smell of the plant, but cane sugar was equally acceptable to them, whether refined or not.

"The bees are here called wise insects for obtaining their honey with as little labor as possible, and perhaps if there was a journal bearingthe same relation to man that the *Entomological* does to insects, our thieves would be commended in it for taking the same short cut to property. The law for the bees is, however, it must be confessed, rather hard and rigorous, and smacks of our past criminal code, when stealing in a dwelling house to the value of forty shillings was punished with death. Death and restitution afterwards might satisfy the vengeance of the sugar refining mind without so cruel a method of destruction as the jet of boiling water. If bees had a voice for appeal they would make out a strong case against the sanguinary criminal law that punishes their little robberies with death, and by the most barbarous means avenges stealing in a dwelling house to the value of a franc's worth of sugar with the death of nearly ten thousand bees."

☞ Children are a good deal of trouble, no doubt, (your mothers made the remark years ago) but no married gentleman's house is complete without them. The tidiest and prettiest fireside in the world is a cold affair, in spite of wood or coal, if there are no "olive branches" about. We have seen such, and found them

"Cheerless as a pew
In a cold church, without a lass in view."

☞ One of the elders at the Second Advent camp-meeting, at Willgraham, recently, is reported to have said that "the United States are not referred to in any of the ancient prophecies, for the reason that this country had not been discovered when they were made."

☞ A Quaker loves the sea for its broad brim.

A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Near-Sighted Man.—"Those my trowsers? Why, I took them for your legs!"

No Front Teeth.—A musician recently undertook to trade cows with a certain neighbor H———, but after some bantering, H——— told the man that his "old cow wasn't worth a song; she was so old she had no front teeth in her upper jaw, and couldn't, therefore, eat young *grass*. Singing friend laughed, looked wise, and went off whistling. But the remark of H——— had preyed on his mind, and he accordingly went and examined old Brindle's mouth, and to his horror and surprise he found she was entirely destitute of upper front teeth! Infuriated he drove old Brindle two miles to the house of the man he had bought her of, through a driving rainstorm, with the mud up to his knees, and after berating the surprised farmer for selling him such a cow, demanded his money back at once. As soon as he could get a word in edgewise, the farmer told the angry man that cows never wore such teeth on the upper jaw, and to convince him, took him out to the barn-yard, when, after opening the mouths of a dozen or so cattle, young and old, the singing man drove old Brindle into the road, and trudged home behind her, a sadder and wiser man.

The Oil Springs—Not Coal Oil.—A gentleman named Denton, who visited the Canadian oil-springs in January, says:—

"It is a common idea, even with geologists, that the oil has been produced from beds of coal, but this oil-field is of itself sufficient to show the incorrectness of the notion. The limestone found in this region, under the drift-clay, I recognize as a member of the Hamilton group of the Devonian formation, and as such is geologically many thousand feet below the lowest member of the carboniferous formation, below which workable coal-beds are never found.

"The truth is, that this oil, found so abundantly in Canada, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and many other localities, is not coal-oil, but *coal* oil. Stored away in cells, forming in the aggregate immense reefs, as it was collected from the impure waters of the early oceans by minute coral polyps, it has been driven by heat and pressure into reservoirs and crevices where man's ingenuity is discovering it day by day. I have in my possession many specimens of this fossil coral, with the oil plainly visible in the cells."

☞ To be worth much, a speech must begin like a river, and flow, and widen, and deepen, until the end; and when it reaches the end it is hurt by every syllable that is added. When there is more voice, more emphasis, or more gesture than there is feeling, there is waste, and worse, powder beyond the shot.

Agricultural.

HOW TO CHOOSE A FARM HORSE.

The farmer requires a horse that can take him to market and around his farm, on which he can occasionally ride for pleasure, and which he must sometimes use for the plough and harrow.

First to notice is the eyes, which should be well examined. Clearness of the eye is a sure indication of goodness; but this is not all—the eyelids, eyebrows, and all other appendages must be considered—for many horses, whose eyes appear clear and brilliant, go blind at an early age; therefore be careful to observe whether the part between the eyelids and eyebrows are swollen, for this indicates that the eye will not last.

When the eyes are remarkably flat, sunk within their orbits, it is a bad sign. The iris or circle that surrounds the sight of the eye should be distinct, and of a pale, variegated, cinnamon color, for this is a sure sign of a good eye. The eyes of a horse are never too large.

The head should be of good size, broad between the eyes, large nostrils, red within, for large nostrils betoken good wind.

The feet and legs should be regarded, for a horse with bad feet is like a house with a weak foundation, and will do little service. The feet should be of a middle size and smooth; the heels should be firm, and not spongy and rotten.

The limbs should be free from blemishes of all kinds, the knees straight, the back sinews strong and well braced, the pastern joints should be clean and clear of swellings of all kinds, and come near the ground, for such never have the ring-bone. Fleshy legged horses are generally subject to the grease and other infirmities of that kind, and therefore should not be chosen.

The body should be of good size, the back straight or nearly so, and have only a small sinking below the withers; the barrel round and the ribs coming close to the hip joints. Shoulders should run back, but not too heavy, for a horse with heavy shoulders seldom moves well; chest and arms large.

A horse weighing from 1,300 to 1,400 is large enough for a cart horse; from 1,000 to 1,200 is large enough for a farmer's horse; from 1,000 to 1,100 is heavy enough for a carriage horse.

I should advise every one to get some experimental knowledge of a horse before purchasing.—John Branson, *in Ohio Cultivator.*

ACTION OF SALT AND SALTPETRE ON MEAT.

The following interesting account of the action of salt and saltpetre on meat will doubtless be new to many of our readers:—

The manner in which *salt* operates in its preservative functions is obvious. Salt, by its strong affinity, in the first place, extracts the juices from the substance of meat in sufficient quantity to form a saturated solution with the water contained in the juice, and the meat then absorbs the saturated brine in the place of the juice extracted by the salt in the first place. Thus, matter incapable of putrefaction takes the place of that portion of the meat which is most perishable. Such, however, is not the only office of salt as a means of preserving meat: it also acts by its astringency in contracting the fibres of the muscles, and so excludes the action of air on the interior of the substance of the meat. The last-mentioned operation of salt as an antiseptic is evinced by the diminution of the volume of meat to which it is applied.

The astringent action of *saltpetre* on meat is much greater than that of salt, and thereby renders the meat to which it is applied very hard; but in small quantities it considerably assists the antiseptic action of salt, and it also prevents the destruction of the florid (or red) color of the meat by the application of salt. From the foregoing statement of the mode of operation of salt and saltpetre on meat, it will be perceived that the application of these matters deteriorates, in a considerable degree, the nutritive, and, to some extent, the wholesome qualities of meat; and, therefore, in their use, the quantity applied should be as small as possibly consistent with the perfect preservation of the meat.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Employment of Camels in California.—Julius Bandman, who owns ten Bactrian camels, which Mr. Frisius imported from Siberia, is convinced, after months of experience and observation, that these camels are valuable for packing over mountains and plains. He trots them over the San Francisco sand-hills daily, to eat thistles and exercise their muscles under bags of sand, each camel being able to carry easily six hundred and fifty pounds. And Fort Yuma officers say they can make thirty miles a day under one thousand pounds. The big humped brutes are models of temperance, rising at four o'clock, retiring at sunset, drinking water only, and that but once in ten days, when two buckets will suffice each animal. They are very healthy, ugly, and tractable; and the *Alta*, from which paper we condense these facts, intimates that packers ought to experiment with them in the Sierra Nevada.

Remedy for Ringworm.—The North British Agriculturist says that the disease locally known as ringworm or titter, which shows itself about the head and neck of young cattle, in the form of whitish dry scurfy spots, can be removed by rubbing the parts affected with iodine ointment. The disease may also be combated by the use of sulphur and oil; iodine ointment is, however, to be preferred. As this skin disease is easily communicated to the human subject, the person dressing the cattle should wash his hands with soap and hot water after each application of the ointment.

To Ripen Late Tomatoes.—The tomato season ends with the first part of autumn. If the plants are pulled up before the frost comes, and hung up in a well-ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes on them, the fruit will continue ripening until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry, nor too warm.—*Genesee Farmer.*

WHEEL vs. SWING PLOUGHS.

Between the English and Scotch farmers the relative advantages of ploughs with wheels and ploughs without wheels, have been warmly discussed. The Scotchman says he had "rather have wheels on a cart than on a plough." Trials have sometimes been held for the purpose of settling the question of superiority, generally, however, with no very decisive results. But within the last year, the Duke of Athole has introduced on his estate in Perthshire, the wheel-ploughs made by Messrs. Howard, of Bedford, England, and has interested himself in having them tested with the best Scotch swing ploughs, which have no wheels. A ploughing-match was got up, for which sixteen swing-ploughs and one Bedford wheel-plough were entered. Half an acre was assigned to each plough, and three hours and fifteen minutes were allowed for the execution of the work. The team with the Bedford plough got through with thirty minutes to spare, and one of the others finished in about the same time; but were some so far behind that the time was extended thirty minutes. The trial was on sward ground, and the draught of the wheel-plough was 300 pounds by the dynamometer; that of one of the swing-ploughs was the same, but that of the others was much more. The depth of furrow is not stated, but six inches is there the usual depth for sward. Several of the ploughs were then tried in stubble-ground. "Here," it is said, "the superiority of the Bedford was obvious. It turned over a furrow nine inches deep with ease, laying it with much neatness."

Useful Receipts.

Dried Sweet Corn.—Now is the time to dry sweet corn for winter use; and if dried properly who is there that don't like it. Take the best ears, cut from the cobs, and spread in dishes or tins, and put in the stove oven and beneath the stove. It will dry in a very short time. Don't scald it as some recommend who don't know any better. It is much better without, will dry just as quick.

Removing Sunburns.—If young ladies would like to know what will take off tan and sunburn, let them take a handful of bran, pour a quart of boiling water on it, let it stand one hour, then strain. When cold put to it a pint of bay rum. Bottle and use it when needed.

How to Carry Flowers.—When sent by post nothing is better than wrapping them in oiled paper; when carried otherwise, a piece of wet sponge fastened inside a wooden box, or layers of wet brown paper, or wet flannel as a lining to the box, or freshly-gathered cabbage leaves, with their under side placed next the flowers, are unobjectionable. If the box is of tin, well secured at the lid, then a source of constant moisture is less requisite, for the leaves and flowers themselves will form an atmosphere of sufficient dampness for a short time. Another method which answers extremely well when flowers are gathered in dry weather, is, as soon as they are cut, to throw them into a bag, like a carpet-bag, made of mackintosh. If the snap of such an article closes well, flowers will remain fresh all day long in a broiling sun, as some botanical travellers well know. The reason why such flowers are preserved is still the same—the air around them is damp. Tourists who hunt after wild flowers, or ferns, should provide themselves with a bag of this description.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A Gum Always Ready for Use.—Purchase ½ pound second best gum arabic; put it in a pitcher; add 8 oz. water; 4 oz. vinegar; 1 oz. white sugar. Let it stand till the gum arabic is melted, when you may pour it in bottles. This mixture does not sour.

Jumbles—(A New Way.)—½ pound powdered white sugar; ½ pound butter: ½ pound flour; 2 eggs; nutmeg. Lay aside a little of the weighed sugar, to roll them in. Make a soft dough of the above materials. Do not roll it on the paste-board, but break off pieces the size of a walnut, and make into rings; lay them on tins an inch apart. A moderate oven.

Federal Cake.—1 pound flour; 1 pound sugar; ½ pound butter; ½ pound powdered sugar; mix these, and beat till light; add 1 teacup cream; beat 4 eggs separately and add. Have ½ pounds sifted flour ready, and 1 teacup zante currants mixed through this flour, add next. Melt ½ teaspoon full good car. soda in wine or rosewater, 1 teaspoon cream-tartar, also in wine or rosewater. Bake in tins and ice.

☞ An astounding discovery is alleged to have been just made under the auspices of the French consul at Mosul, who sent home an account so startling as to render the photographic views and vouchers that accompanied it necessary as confirmations of its truth. The discovery was that of the ruins of the Tower of Babel, and the photographs exhibited the remaining two stories of this once marvellous structure; the bricks cemented with bitumen, and bearing inscriptions upon them, which, when deciphered, are expected to confirm the accounts of Scripture.

☞ The telegraphic news from France by one of the late steamers, informs us that "the Emperor *continues to remain* at the camp at Chalons." We shall probably be advised, next, that he "keeps on continuing to remain staying there." By that time we shall have as good an idea of the fact that he has not removed, as was once conveyed of the freedom of a certain gift by the announcement that it was "free-gratis for nothing, and no charge."—*N. Y. Atlas.*

The Riddler.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 65 letters.

My 4, 21, 34, 38, 15, 46, 58, 59, 7, 63, 13, 4, was a brave man slain by Alexander.
My 8, 63, 45, 21, 36, 30, 35, 3, 31, 37, 56, was a Greek poet.
My 10, 29, 16, 56, 55, 4, 50, 23, 23, 14, 37, 56, was a famous physician of olden time.
My 1, 19, 6, 49, 39, 37, 56, was an officer in Alexander's army.
My 40, 32, 45, 61, 44, 21, 58, 35, 3, 56, is a city of Egypt.
My 51, 61, 54, 47, 12, 53, 20, 4, was a Persian of quality.
My 27, 52, 31, 21, 62, 25, 64, was an Englishman who distinguished himself during the reign of Charles I.
My 9, 37, 45, 33, 61, 11, was the wife of a celebrated Roman.
My 18, 3, 44, 48, 41, 59, 49, 56, was a stoic philosopher.
My 43, 42, 60, 52, was a king of Mercia.
My 30, 57, 14, 7, was a king of Kent.
My 37, 28, 9, 11, was a king of East Anglea.
My 57, 5, 17, 24, 2, 34, 64, was a king of West Saxons.
My whole is a proverb.

SEMIRA PHILLIPS.
Oskaloosa, Iowa.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 71etters.

My 3, 7, 4, 1, is a vessel.
My 6, 4, 1, is a domestic animal.
My 5, 7, 3, is a pony.
My 6, 2, 1, is a small bed.
My 3, 7, 4, is a genus of serpents.
My 3, 4, 1, is a small animal.
My whole is a production of the Southern states.

A. D. T.
Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa.

DOUBLE REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A preserve of fruits.
A river in Georgia.
A non-metallic element.
Egyptian reed of which paper was formerly made.
A kind of tobacco.
A male's name.
The initials and finals form the name of a distinguished man.

WM. T. TOTTEN.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Is a river in Europe.
Is a river in Asia.
Is a town in Italy.
Is a mountain in Italy.
Is a range of mountains in North America.
My initials form the name of a town in the United States.

A. D. Y.
Enon, Lawrence Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My 1st is found in shining but not in glowing.
My 2d is found in come but not in going.
My 3d is found in cave but not in hollow.
My 4th is found in leave but not in follow.
My 5th is found in sight but not in view.
My 6th is found in seven but not in two.
My 7th is found in sting but not in stung.
My 8th is found in song but not in sung.
My 9th is found in now but not in ever.
My whole should be cast down forever.

S. LAIRD.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A dog being at the centre of a circular island, whose diameter is 80 rods, saw a fox at some point on the circumference of the island. The fox started, and ran around the outside of the island at the rate of 30 rods per minute; the dog started in pursuit at the same instant, and ran continually towards the fox at the rate of 40 rods per minute. Required—the distance the dog must run to catch the fox, and the nature of the curve he will describe?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.
Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The two hind wheels of a certain wagon are 18 feet 5 inches in circumference each, the fore wheels of the same are 8 feet 10 inches in circumference each. How far must the wagon be driven until the two hind wheels make 1,000 revolutions more than one of the fore wheels makes? X.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Which is the most diffident corps in the army? Ans.—The *corps de reserve.*

☞ Why do our soldiers need no barbers? Ans.—Because they are *regularly shaved* by the government contractors.

☞ Why is a disconsolate youth like a mower? Ans.—Because he heaves a *sithe.*

☞ When an Irish girl most disposed to take compassion on her lover? Ans.—When her heart goes pity-Pat.

☞ Who invented matches? Ans.—Adam and Eve.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—"The Star Spangled Banner." MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—"Othello, the Moor of Venice." OMISSION—Useful receipts.

☞ The rate of speed on the English railways is not hereafter to exceed forty miles an hour, the Inspector of Railways having reported that safety cannot be assured beyond that maximum, and Government determining to punish running above it. Previous to this check, on some of the roads the extraordinary speed of eighty miles per hour had been reached, and one hundred were expected.

☞ Self-Importance.—A few days ago, an elderly Scotch female made her appearance at a railway station in the neighborhood, to take her first trip by train. Unluckily for her, the train had just moved off as she reached the platform, and as it gathered speed, a loud warning whistle was given. The old woman instantly set off along the line to catch it, and on being seized by a couple of porters, indignantly exclaimed: "Let me go! Do you no' hear't whistlin' for me?"